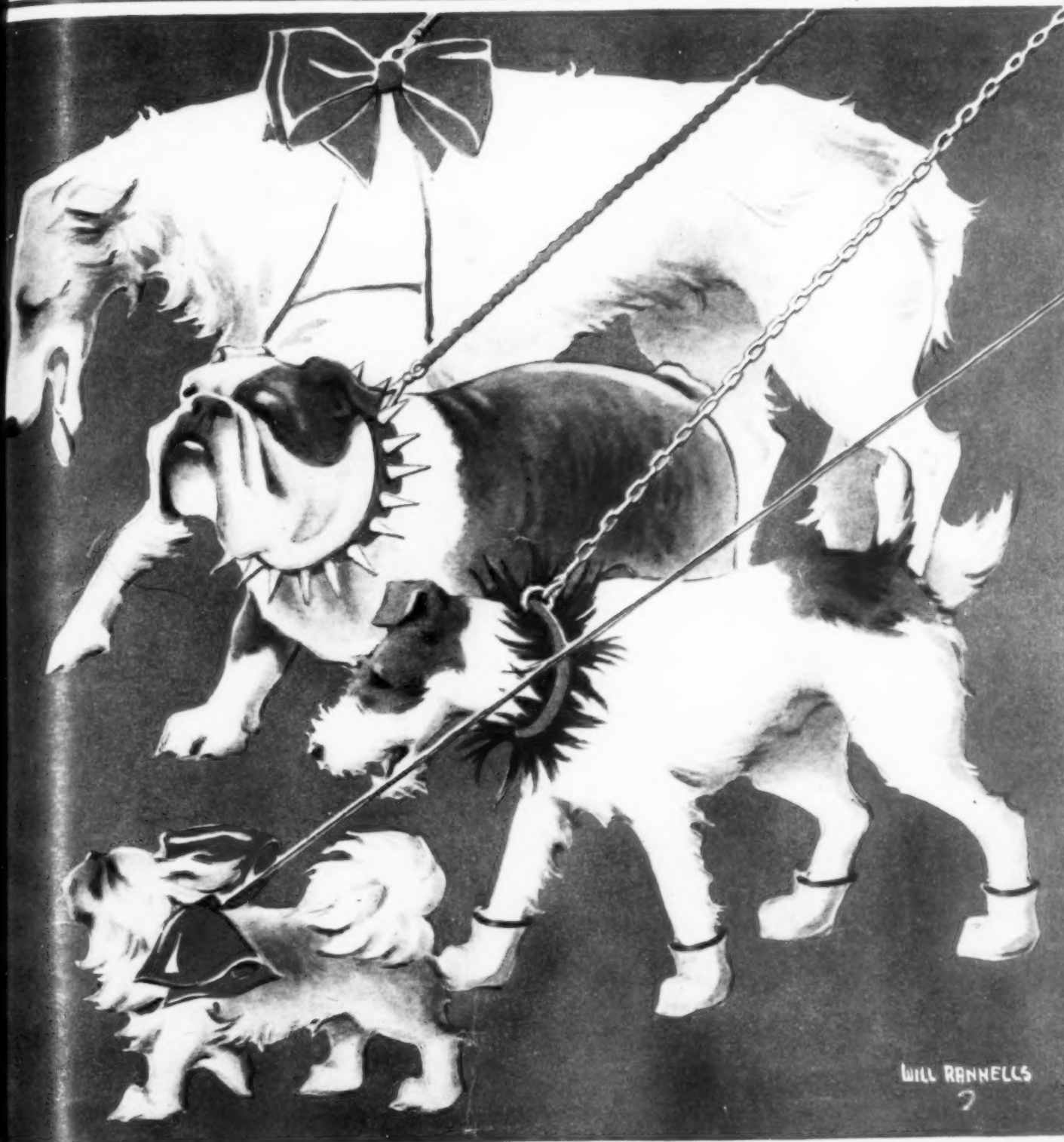
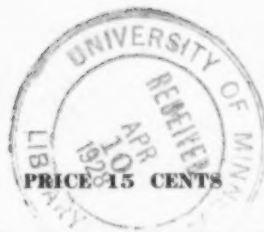


Life

APRIL 12, 1928



WILL RANNELLS

7

A Mixed Foursome



THE STAMINA OF SPEED! BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY
PERFORMS. THE SUPREME ELEGANCE OF THIS
SPLENDID CAR IS BUT OUTWARD EVIDENCE OF
THAT DEEPER BEAUTY WHICH GIVES IT THE
SUPERLATIVE RACE-WINNING STURDINESS THAT
ENDURES THROUGHOUT A LONG AND RICH LIFE.

THE
SPLENDID
STUTZ



HERE YOU WILL FIND A NEW CONCEPTION OF CAR COMFORT AND SAFETY

The Pianist is "Close-up" ♣ at your side!

Hear piano selections on the new *Edisonic*! ♣ It is as though a superb grand piano . . . a famous artist . . . were before you. ♣ You almost see his hands go pearling down the keys. ♣ "Close-up" music is so vivid!



The Edisonic gives throbbing realism—like a movie close-up—depth and form, color and life—to your favorite selections, whether the classics or jazz. Hear E. Robert Schmitz's piano recordings for the Edisonic. Listen to his playing of the "Arabesque in G Major"! It is so splendid that your

heart sings. So true, so perfect, is the Re-Creation that you hear the artist himself, when you hear Edisonic "Close-up" music. ♣ ♣ Think what it would mean to have such beauty in your home—to be able to hear just the music you like, whenever you like! ♣

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.



The Schubert Edisonic—
Compact, beautifully proportioned, finished in two-tone English brown mahogany. \$135.

Thomas A. Edison

The EDISONIC

Whisk away that morning after look



Eau Vegetale, \$1.25 Facial Soap, 50c
Talcum, 50c After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Stick, 75c Shaving Cream, 50c

WATCH this new lotion chase away the "sleep lines", the pasty sallow skin and tired, haggard, morning-after look that you get when you've slept too much—or not enough.

No matter how much more dead than alive you feel, here's the way to perk right up in a minute—to look and feel as bright as a sunny morning—clean, fresh, made over.

"Fougere Royale After Shaving Lotion" it is called. All you do is pat a few drops on your face after your shave. First you get a mild zippy tingle that brings the good red color to the surface—circulation that floats away fatigue lines, peps up sagging tissue, wakes up your skin. Then because it is styptic (stops bleeding) it quickly heals any little nicks and cuts.

Most of all, though, it freshens and soothes the tired skin—puts life into it—gives it a cool, velvety smoothness that makes you actually look years younger.

Preceded by the marvelous new painless shave that you get with Fougere Royale Shaving Cream, the scientifically balanced non-caustic, non-irritating shaving cream, you can start every day feeling like a brand new man.

Both products are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern), a wholesome outdoor fragrance. Get them at your druggist's today—or if you prefer, generous samples may be had for the coupon below.

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. L5
539 West 45th Street, New York City

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

The Movie Exhibitor to His Love

COP this one, kid — say, listen, take this tip,
You sign me on, and you'll be packing jack
Right in the old cash box—say, I'm a pip,
A wow, a knockout; I'm a circuit crack—
I'll make you—say, you advertise me right,
You'll turn the guests away, our wedding night.

Your relatives? I'll hand 'em belly-laughs,
I'll make 'em weep and tear their hair and cheer.
Play it up big—don't do the thing by halves,
You'll have the rabbi standing on his ear.
You can't go wrong — say, listen, with a pair
Of loaded dice you're gambling—kid, I'm there!

I know I'm good—I'll guarantee returns—
Your old box-office record may be high,
But when you count up what this baby earns
For you in profits—kid, you'll lose an eye!
The best buy in the business — and that's true!
Come on, hon, do you book me? Say you do!
Henry William Hanemann.

"I { Will } Be Present"

THE trustees' meeting in the Epilon Sigma Tau Fraternity Club had been an emotional shambles. The grayed head of the Public Utilities Magnate was bowed in surrender; the portly rich Silk Importer, unable longer to think, writhed in anger and despair; the Great Corporation Lawyer, eloquent before the bar, was now overwhelmed and speechless; the Banking Colossus was blushing to think how much he had talked and how little good it had done; the Railroad President was exhausted from two solid hours of after-luncheon strife.

It was therefore easy for the Great Advertising Man to have his way. They decided to send out post-card invitations to the annual dinner, thereby saving \$3.81.

Arthur Lockwood.

HE: And do you enjoy getting a divorce?

SHE: Oh, it's all right the first couple of times, but after that it's just routine.

"It's noo use... ye'll never learn goff wi' that bag o' tricks"

*{In which the Pro tells
the Doctor a thing or
two about golf clubs.}*



"WHAT'S the matter with these clubs, Mac?"

"Mon dear, hav'na I told ye they're as ill-mated as a dog an' a cat?"

"But these are supposed to be *matched* clubs!"

"Matched fer what? Color? Th' only thing that's alike about 'em is that they're aw' different!"

"Believe me, Mac, I paid a lot of money for them."

"Aye—an' yer payin' me a lot o' money to teach ye somethin' that's well-nigh impossible wi' that collection o' prima donnas."

"Why prima donnas?"

"Because they each rec-quire different handlin'. How can I teach ye a per-r-fect goff swing when that bag-fu' o' nonsense ye call clubs each needs a different swing by itsel'?"

"Say, couldn't I perfect a different swing for each of them?"

"If ye can, or any other mon can, then I can win the National Open playin' wi' ashinnystick."

"Well, what's the answer? What'll I do?"

"Do? Let me sell ye a set o' Spaldin' clubs. Then ye'll have clubs that all have the same swingin' weight."

"You mean that every club in a Spalding set weighs the same?"

"I mean nothin' o' the kind! I said *swingin'* weight, which means they're matched so per-r-fect fer balance, lie, pitch, weight, an' feel—aye, even fer the' tortion o' th' shafts—that wi' yer eyes closed, ye canna tell which club yer swingin'."

"Does that mean that I could perfect *one* swing and timing, and use it for all my irons?"

"That's exactly what it means—an' that's what the champions do. They play every shot in the same groove. It's that unifor-r-mity that makes 'em champions."

"Is that a Spalding iron you've got there, Mac?"

"It is!"

"What's that spot marked on the club face?"

"The Sweet Spot—and a gr-r-and idea it is markin' it."

"You're still over my head, Mac. What's the Sweet Spot?"

"Tis the one spot that'll gi' ye the greatest distance an' make the shot feel sweetest."

"Well—doesn't every club have one?"

"Aye—and not two of 'em had it in the same place till Spaldin' originated their method o' distributin' the metal which puts the Sweet

Spot in exactly the same place on every club face. It's marked right on th' steel, too. And mon, the steel in these Spaldin' heads is simply wonderfu'."

"Good and hard, eh, Mac?"

"Noo, noo! O'course it's not har-r-d! There isn't a goff star o' prominence on either side o' the water that'd gi' bag-room to a club wi' a har-r-d steel head. These Spaldin' heads are made of a verra mar-r-velous mild steel, th' same as the finest Scotch irons ha' always been."

"Are these Spalding clubs as good as the imported Scotch clubs, Mac?"

"Ye think ye ha' me there, don't ye? Let me tell ye—Spaldin's club designer comes fra' St. Andrews an' 'twas he that taught one o' Scotland's most famous club makers all he knows about th' game! He's the master o' them aw', is Bob White."

"Then come on over to the shop and pick me out a set right now."

"I'm wi' ye, mon—there's hope fer ye after aw'."

Two ways to buy them

Take your choice—buy either the famous Spalding Registered clubs, which are sold in sets only, or build up a set, one or two clubs at a time, by getting the Kro-Flite Related Irons and Woods, which are sold individually.

Kro-Flite Related Irons come in three weights, and are indexed by one (1), two (2), and three (3) crow's. The clubs in each group, or weight, are accurately related in pitch, lie, balance and

feel. You can build up a perfectly related set of clubs—from driving-iron to mashie-niblick, simply by selecting clubs of the same index—whether you buy them all at once, or one club at a time. Kro-Flite Related Irons are \$6.50 each.

The Spalding Registered Kro-Flite sets of woods and irons were the first matched sets ever offered to Golfers. Spalding originated and patented the idea. These clubs are never sold individually. The set of six perfectly matched irons is \$50. The Wood Set, consisting of twin driver and brassie, is \$30. Spoon to match is \$15. A complete record of every Registered club is kept by Spalding, so that exact duplication is possible at any time. Should a Registered club be lost or broken, simply send your set number and club number to Spalding and an identical club can be made for you.

Let your professional outfit you—either one at a time with Kro-Flite Related Clubs, or all at once with a Registered Kro-Flite Set. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, and of course, all Spalding stores.

Spalding

KRO-FLITE

GOLF CLUBS

Registered Sets—
Sold in sets only.



Related Clubs—
Sold one at a time.



Free Booklet: "Your Game Begins Before You Start to Play." Get it! Address A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau St., New York City. (Dept. L. 4)

© 1928, A. G. S. & B.

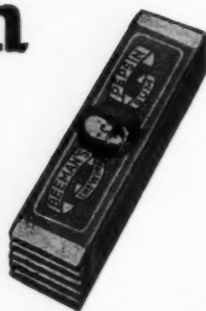


AT THE LEFT is shown an average set of clubs. The dotted line connects the centers of balance. There is little relation between them. Your swing and timing for each club would have to be a trifle different.

AT THE RIGHT are six Spalding clubs. Note that they are so accurately related that a line drawn through the centers of balance parallels the tops of the shafts. The clubs all feel exactly alike. The swing and timing is the same for every one of them.

Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids digestion

Originated by Doctor Beeman over thirty years ago, Beeman's Pepsin Gum has been a popular favorite ever since for its fine quality and its distinctive flavor. Chew Beeman's after meals. It aids digestion.



after a quick
lunch!

How to Read Character by Listening at Keyholes

DIRECTIONS: Immediately after leaving a party, creep back and hide behind the portière.

GROUP 1. Does your host say

1. Smith certainly is a wet smack.
2. If I never saw him again that would be soon enough.
3. What did you ask him for?

GROUP 2. Does your hostess say

1. I didn't ask him, you did.
2. He is no friend of mine.
3. He is the only person I could get at the last minute.

GROUP 3. Do the other guests say

1. His wife certainly has a sad face.
2. They say she married him for his money.
3. The best you can say for Smith is that he has never been in jail.

KEY NUMBER 1. You are not a man's man.

KEY NUMBER 2. You are not attractive to women.

KEY NUMBER 3. You are not a good mixer.

KEY NUMBER 12. You might try a bottle of Listerine.

KEY NUMBER 13. You might try Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book.

KEY NUMBER 123. You might try shooting yourself.

E. G.

Down on the Farm

"WELL, from the looks o' things I think we're goin' to have an early spring, so that means us farmers had better be up an' stirrin'. There's a lot o' work to be done on the farm this year. First of all, the hot-dog stand 'pears kind o' dingy an' ought to git a coat o' paint. Then the gas pump looks like it needs a lot o' overhaulin'. An' the hired man tells me the garage roof leaks, so that's got to be tended to. Let me see what else—yep, there's them tourists' rooms that have to be papered. An' I ought to be makin' a trip to town an' orderin' a mess o' popcorn an' sody an' things. Then again there's that plowin' in the road to be done so that there'll be plenty o' stuck motorists to be pulled out when it rains. Yep, it looks like it's gonna be a busy season. I ought to git started instead o' sittin' there listenin' to the radio an' readin' this month's *Vanity Fair*."

Harry Epstein.

for a quick
laugh!

Life

Pep and Ginger,
by gum!

You can't buy
more happiness
for so many persons
for so little money

*So Obey
that
Coupon
Impulse*

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)
Enclosed find.....
Send Life for.....
Name.....
(443)
Address.....
LIFE
509 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Julius Caesar
Act II, Scene 1

**"A dish fit for the
gods" ~ ~**

Et tu, Brute! Authorities are agreed that Brutus was the best of the lot. He knew his stuff. Two thousand years makes no difference with a man like that. With a glass of Coca-Cola in his hand, you can easily imagine him saying further:

**"Delicious and Refreshing"
"Refresh yourself"**

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

**8 million
a day**

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

9-CM



Sturdy style! The smart, new colors and patterns are so woven into the time-tested sturdiness of these famous Phoenix socks that their good looks endure throughout long miles of strenuous wear.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

M I L W A U K E E

"S
Hor
This
li'l f
ber
"Y
Wha
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like
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good
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well.
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A black and white illustration of a man in a hat and vest standing next to a vintage car, talking to two people inside. In the background, a bull and a person are running through a field. The illustration is signed 'Purcoast' in the bottom right corner.

NATIVE: Wa'al, stranger, it seems further'n it is, but it ain't.

"And so on, far into the knight."



PANHANDLER: Gotta quarter fer a room to-night, mister?

"No."

"Gotta dime fer a ham sandwich?"

"No."

"Gotta nickel fer a cuppa coffee?"

"No."

"Huh! You're in a hell of a fix, ain'tcha?"

Table d'Hôte Movies

THE better-class picture houses are gradually embracing the idea of serving coffee and little cakes in the foyers and lounges. Obviously this trend will affect cinema patronage, and in many homes scenes like the following will take place:

"Let's go over to the Bijou to-night."

"What hav: they got?"

"Minced ham sandwiches, chocolate ice cream, tea biscuits and Greta Garbo."

"Same old food! I'm getting tired of that place. Let's drop in at the Rialto. Anna was there last evening and they're featuring salmon salad, cheese soufflée, coffee, buns and Mary Pickford."

"Nix on the Rialto! I had acute indigestion after the last picture we saw there. How about the Strand? Tom says they've got a swell bill this week. Sirloin steak, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, rice pudding and Douglas Fairbanks."

"O. K., let's go. Hurry so we can make the first show while the steak is still juicy, dear."

"Oh, I forgot something, and it's

too bad. We can't go to the Strand. No, I haven't seen the picture. But my diet forbids red meat. So we'll have to go to the Rialto after all and try to enjoy the salmon salad, cheese soufflée, coffee, buns and Mary Pickford."

Arthur L. Lippmann.

One Redeeming Trait

"I'M so glad we came here to-night, Leonard. Sydney la Flicker is my favorite star!"

"That guy? He's an awful prune."

"Oh, but I think he has the softest, kindest eyes in the world!"

"Yeah; so has a cow."

"Look! Isn't he marvelous in that gorgeous uniform?"

"He looks like a third-rate bell-hop, and that's probably what he used to be."

"Oh, Leonard! Isn't that a shame! They're accusing him of being a traitor! Isn't the way he acts crushed and sad simply wonderful?"

"Humph! The director probably took away his scooter and building blocks to make him register that expression."

"Now he's in civilian clothes again."

"Looks dumber than ever, doesn't he?"

"Why, Leonard! I think he looks awfully bright!"

"Yeah! So do the brass lamps on a ten-year-old flivver."

"Leonard! He's wearing a gray suit just like yours!"

"By golly, it is, isn't it? Well, picking out good snappy clothes is about the only thing these movie guys know how to do well."

Chet Johnson.

THE proof of the petting is in the repeating.



"...preceded by flower girls came the bride upon the arm of her father, 'Bull' Ktozyp, former heavyweight wrestling champion."



CURIOUS NEIGHBOR: Would you mind telling me why you prop your clothes-line so high?

"Willing Hands Make Light Work"

"SAY, Joe, would you just watch the toast while Mary sets the table? I'd do it myself, only I've got to keep my eye on these beans. ...Oh, Dave! You might pour the water. It's on the sideboard. What? I can't hear you. ...It isn't? Well, look in the pantry."

"Sally, what are you doing with those potatoes? They aren't done

yet. Put them back. ...Hey, Joe! Keep your mind on your business! The toast is smoking like I don't know what. ...Oh, Mary! Did you put any salt on these beans? ... You're not sure? Well, I guess I'll put some more on, then. ...Now, Sally, you can take them out. Put them on a plate and take them in the dining-room. Here, I'll push the door open for you. (Crash!) Hey, for Pete's sake, Dave, why didn't

you yell before barging in like that? Now look what you've done. Sally, pick up the pieces.

"Joe! The toast! The toast! You've ruined another batch. ...I don't know where the teaspoons are, Mary. You'll have to hunt. Maybe they haven't been washed yet. ... Come here, Dave. Take this platter in. Look out, it's hot. (Crash!) Hey! I told you it was hot! Why didn't you use a cloth, you dumb ox? ...Yes, you! No, I won't take it back. All right, come on and fight. (WHAM! BIFF! ZOWIE!) Hey, wait a second! Something's burning!"

Norman R. Jaffray.



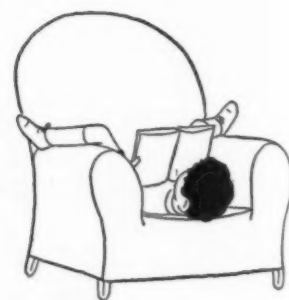
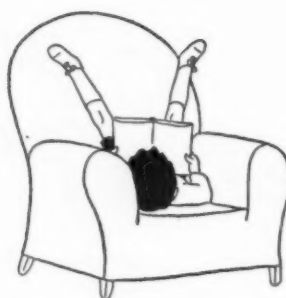
GIRL (to runner on first base): Come on, Mike; forget your Boy Scout Pledge and steal!

Thousands Disappointed

As a Result of the Decision Not to Choose a Miss America at Atlantic City This Year.

AMONG those depressed:
48 news-reel photographers
62 vaudeville booking agents
233 newspaper photographers
728 advertising managers
1,007 amateur photographers
3,299 potential contestants
4,445 humorists
and
The three Judges.

Bill Sykes.



Portrait of a Small Boy Reading

The Writing on the Skin

AT the Hickman trial in California, an alienist was permitted to demonstrate "skin-writing" on the prisoner, as a test of sanity. The sensitive state of a man's epidermis has as much to do with his sanity as the color of his hair with his ability to translate Latin.

Yet this waster of public time was allowed to escape with his own skin unharmed. When Jack Cade's man proposed to kill all the lawyers, the answer should have been:

"First, let's chase out half the alienists."

A murderer, especially a degenerate murderer, fascinates the alienist as the great auk lures the bird collector. He can't try enough experiments on him, nor preserve him alive too long. Dr. Vernon Briggs, who wrote a book about three murderers, got himself into such a state of admiration toward the murderers that he became vexed with every one else in the cases, and almost out of patience with the victims, who put temptation in the way of these fine lads,—the assassins.

Dr. Briggs' own innocence, on the subject of psychology, was illustrated when he warned the layman not to read a certain chapter of his book—naming the chapter—because it was too shocking.

The swarming of alienists around Loeb and Leopold was held to be a great triumph for something or other. As usual, they split even, half testifying one thing, and half the opposite. It is more than a question



"Weren't you engaged to him once?"

"Yes, I was until he shook me."

if the salvage of Loeb and Leopold was not the cause of a similar murder of a little girl in New Jersey, and of Hickman's exploit in California.

One dreams of shutting six of the leading alienists in a room together, and asking each to study and report on the sanity of all the rest. Would we not have six reports that all the other five were psychopathic?

Edmund Pearson.

SANG-FROID is knowing you've got an extra ten-dollar bill in an inside pocket.

"What We Really Need—"

TOM: Say, what do you think of this suggestion box business, anyhow? Isn't it the limit!

HARRY: Yeah; who in the deuce is going to put any suggestions in the blamed thing, I wonder?

TOM: Well, yours truly, for one, is going to lay off of it. Believe me, boy, I've got *plenty* to do without putting *suggestions* into a box all day.

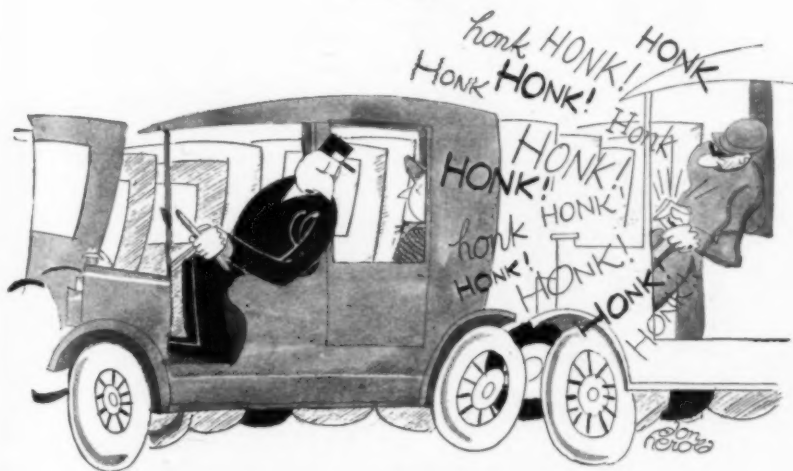
HARRY: You sure got a pile of correspondence. Look at *mine*, though. I'm telling you if they don't get a few more stenographers around here I'll never get any work done.

TOM: Isn't it a *crime*? They expect us to handle a hundred letters a day with one girl. It can't be done; not if we're to get anything else accomplished, at any rate.

HARRY: What we *really* need is a new girl in this department.

TOM: Absolutely. Let's put that idea in the box.

James L. Dilley.



MAN IN FRONT: Keep your tires on! Keep your tires on!

If There Had Been Republics in Those Days

OLD President Cole.

President Arthur and His Knights.

President James' Version.

Senator Lancelot.

President Solomon.

Congressman Charming.



In the Maison Puppé Beauty Parlor

The Land of Make-Believe

"BACKWUDD, tuyn backwudd, O Time, innye flight; mamee a child again juss fatanight.'...See, she's sickun tied uv ollem dansuss, Mree, she wansa be a child again so she wone haffa go on ollem drinkun parteze annevuthun....'Inna mine zye, she cud see tha lil cottuj witha rose-cuvvud tee--arr--ee--dubbullell-eye--ess,' I dono what at meeunz.... Oh, iss gone....Thersa cottuj, ansheeze playun witha dollz--oh, looka tha connun lil par-pee, oh, ainnee a darrllun!...'Bunnow tha sweedream is vannusshed, antha poison tallunz atha wickud city reach out furra, anshee--'.... There she is, Mree, thass Poler Swanssun aself, yukkun see tha diffnce, buffore iwwaz ony a dubbul....Annassa night club, seeur dansun withat fella?...Ooo, lookut, wassee tryun ta do tooa?...He tryta kissa, lookut, heze cokkide, seeum staggurrun roun? Oh, ainnat tha funiuss thing!... WHOOP....Didja seeur pace i one inna eye?...WHOOP.... She givvum anuther one, heze still tryunta kissa, ainnee tha cokkide fool?...Lookut, lookut, hiccums Fransuss Nuvarro, hez tha hero, heza orchessra leader, anneze gona----...Ooooo, didja seeum pace im inna jorr!...Lookuttum fightun....Lookuttum pulloffa table c l o t h....Omygawesh!...Didja see at?...hYAR, hYAR, hYAR!!...Didja seeum knock down at waiter with ollem dishuss?...hYAR, hYAR!!...WHOOP.... Lookuttim crawlun roun unner

ollem bussed place!...Onnussly, Mree, thissiz tha funiuss pitcher I ever seen!.....Wassat?...Well, uvvol things!...Didja hear tha biffresh balm, Mree, didja hear wuttee settammee?...He tole meeta shuddup, tha biffresh hippaporrums...Ainnee gotta nuyve, huh?...Issa darn shame ya can't go tooa show without havun sum muddy makunna fussy an spoilunnt faya....They otta throwum out, tha gray big fasslob!"

Heman Fay, Jr.



"Come here with those sparklers, Joanna. I can't see the names on the buttons."

Two Ghost Writers Meet

"HELLO, Jack!"

"Hello, Tom! How are you?"

"Babe Ruth and I are fine, thank you. How's yourself?"

"I'm all right, but Jack Dempsey has a cold. Say, have you heard the latest Ford joke, as told by Jack Dempsey to John Taylor Wilson?"

"Sure. I told that story myself, in conjunction with Babe Ruth. Well, how's business, Jack?"

"Not so bad. I'm thinking of buying a little car, in conjunction with Walter P. Chrysler."

"Atwater Kent and I have installed a radio in my house. You ought to come over and hear it."

"I generally play a little Russian Bank in collaboration with Mrs. John Taylor Wilson."

"Well, I must be going, Jack."

"All right. So long, Tom—as told by John Taylor Wilson to Thomas Edwards Payne."

Norman R. Jaffray.

(In conjunction with Underwood Standard Portable.)

Ooze 'Oo

FIRST PRIMORDIAL CREATURE (*in the sea*): It's wicked, I tell you. With this evolution theory and all, what's to become of us?

SECOND DITTO: Oh, you're getting to be a regular crab!

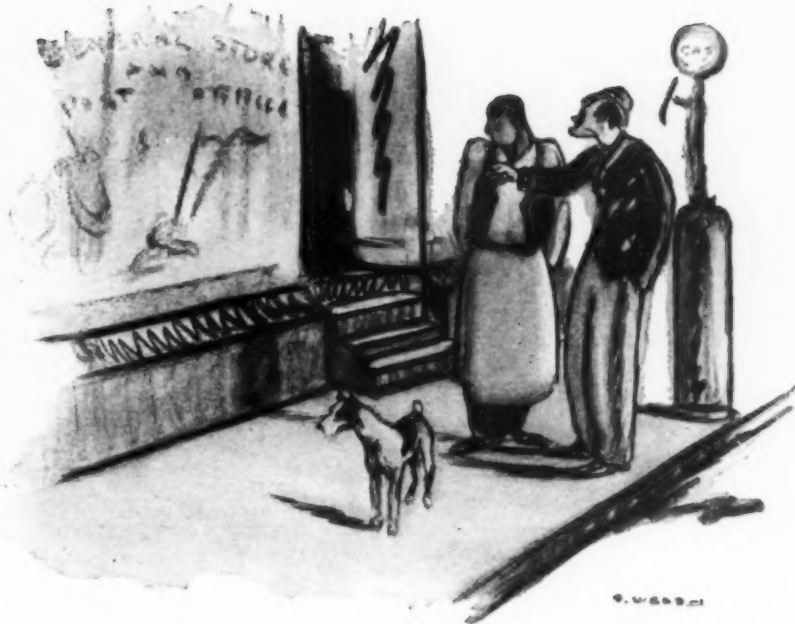
WOMEN seem to dress on the theory that nothing succeeds like nothing.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March 21st The first day of Spring, with the strong sunshine which does always turn my fancy to thoughts of millinery, but I did waken with a depression too great to be lightened even by a visit to the shops, so stopped at home in bed, wishing that professional fools were vogue now as in the olden days, and that I had one to come and hearten me, albeit Sam did vouchsafe that the amateur standing in that connection of some of my friends should be sufficient to divert me. But I paid him small heed, being still wroth with him for having overturned a highballe on my new printed black and white chiffon, so, piqued by my apathy, he enquired what present I should like him to bring to me, and I could think of nought reasonable enough to mention, whereupon he asked if I could name anything which I had liefer he did *not* bring home, forasmuch as his luck in keeping my favor was running so badly of late that he would be sure to hit on some distasteful article unless forewarned, so I told him he need not come home with a peacock or a pair of antlers. Pondering on what I should serve for luncheon when my bridge cronies come on Friday, I did decide upon a clam-juice cocktayle, green peppers stuffed with chopped meat and mushrooms, asparagus, and the salad of our house on which all guests do insist, albeit why our dressing should taste better than any one else's is a mystery to me, our formula being no secret and simplicity itself, and I cannot (Please turn to page 39)



FIRST LIGHTNING BUG: So you're really engaged to that fellow?
SECOND LIGHTNING BUG: Yes, we've been glowing around together lately.



"Naw—'tain't quite artistic enough, Zeke—why don'tcha move them horse-collars over to the left a little?"

The Day the Doctor Warns You About High Blood-Pressure

YOU get invitation to the biggest and most alluring banquet of the year. that your blood-pressure just naturally goes either lower or higher—or something. **H. I. S.**

Dear old aunt sends you case of pre-war stuff which she has been keeping for a rainy day.

Tire blows out five miles from any garage and only one person can change it. You.

Your daughter gives party at home that night and the boys all bring their saxs and ukes.

Golf committee insists on your upholding honor of club in seventy-two-hole match at rival club following day.

On way home flivver leaps out of blind alley and tries pole vault over your radiator, clearing bar by two-thirds of an inch.

Green light turns red on you and alien cop insists on your having immediate eye test.

Cook goes crazy in kitchen and you have to calm her till help comes—and after



MERLIN: Sire, I lack a jobbe.
KING ARTHUR: How'd you like to work for me a spell?



AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

WELL-FED CLERGYMAN: Is there anything else I can do to make you happy, dear?

WIFE (reading newspaper): Yes, there is. You might pray for rain in New York.

The Vice-President

MOST interesting of all the miscellaneous group of Republican gentlemen who want to be President is Mr. Charles G. Dawes. This engaging diner-out—for dining out is the Vice-President's main function—is a person of infinite aspect, most of which is synthetic. The Mr. Dawes revealed to the public is the product of a manner—an aggressive exterior developed as compensation for an inconquerable inner mildness. Mr. Dawes is forever jumping on platforms and shouting "Boo!" He makes faces, snorts, waves his illogically articulated arms and is altogether horrible. But one knows all the time that a movie of Betsy Ross would reduce him to tears, and that he would be apt to go right out and endow a home for aged patriotic needlewomen.

* * *

DESPITE the nomenclature now attached to the plan to regulate German reparations, Mr. Dawes is far from being a great statesman. He owes his present prominence to a youthful friendship with John Pershing, who made him an important, if somewhat outlandish, personage in the A. E. F. He was nominated for Vice-President in 1924 as third choice and accepted. Thereafter his campaign speeches against Comrade La Follette were a composite of the principles of the Navy

League, the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mr. Dawes saved the Constitution and Calvin Coolidge heard the happy returns over the radio on Election Night.

* * *

THE Vice-President is a performer, a kind of elegant vaudevillian. Yet at bottom, beneath this coating of tricks which have become part of him, he is a person of profound common sense and considerable capacities. He has character in the sense in which a picture, a piece of music or a landscape has character. There is a texture to him that may be felt and seen. He says what he thinks, and if he does not think anything, he finds something to say. He knows what is "good theatre" in politics.

Now if Alfred E. Smith should happen to be nominated on the Democratic ticket, a good performer would be desirable on the Republican side. This is just what Herbert Hoover is *not*. He has neither "character" nor texture. What Mr. Hoover has is an air of moral fervor, a noble but repellent quality in men who court popularity, especially when it exists without any lighter relief. Mr.

Hoover would run on his record, not on his personality, which is without form and void. The Vice-President, on the other hand, has a distinct outline and he is full of all kinds of ingratiating delights, invaluable for campaign purposes.

* * *

I WILL not attempt to set forth all the arguments advanced to prove that Mr. Dawes cannot be nominated. On the basis of comparative experience, Mr. Hoover probably deserves the nomination. But Mr. Hoover is less than the sum of his parts. The magnificent record of Mr. Hoover ends up in a vacuum. That strange sequence of sentimentality and strength, of sense and silliness, of pretense and conviction which is Charles G. Dawes ends up in a personality.

It may be no compliment to the discrimination of the American electorate, but I venture to assert that Mr. Dawes is the strongest Republican who could be opposed to Alfred E. Smith. About once a week I go to the door of an apartment in the Capitol—an apartment encrusted with gilt and flecked with mosaics—and there, under a ceiling of painted cherubim, sits Mr. Dawes blowing smoke from a comic pipe at the marble beard of Charles Warren Fairbanks, and I wonder...

Henry Suydam.

SARA: Has your boss ever openly made love to you?

CLARA: No, but go ahead and tell me your story.



LYND.

NEEWAW: So you take your girl blubber every time you visit her igloo?

OOGAH: Yes, and the game is hardly worth the candle.



"Care to try my preparation, sir—for superfluous hair?"

Trying to Get the Correct Time from a Radio Announcer

"WELL, Tom, I've got to beat it. My train leaves in a few minutes.... By the way, have you got the correct time?—I'm a little fast, I think."

"I will give you the exact time through the courtesy of my Howart watch."

"All right, Tom; what is it?"

"I will give you the time in Eastern Standard, which is one hour later than Central Standard time."

"Hurry, Tom! I'm afraid I'll miss my train."

"Take it easy, now. When I say 'dong' it will be exactly one minute after nine o'clock."

"I'll never make it, Tom!"

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, for Lord's sake! Let's have it!"

"Dong!"

"Thanks, old man. I've got just two minutes to make it.... S'long!"

"Hey, there! Wait a minute—I haven't finished yet.... I hope that you will make this service the stand-

ard for setting your timepiece.... The time has been given through the courtesy of— Hey! Wait a minute, Eddie!"

Jack Cluett.

Literary Note

AN author who writes such a dull book or play it's

A little this side of grotesque

Need not throw it away—it's a bet some will say it's

A charmingly subtle burlesque!

The Highway Mile

528—telegraph poles.

176—billboards.

32—gas stations.

18—hot-dog stands.

"DO you remember where you put that book?"

"No; I'm a little Will Hay-sie about it."

Interrogative

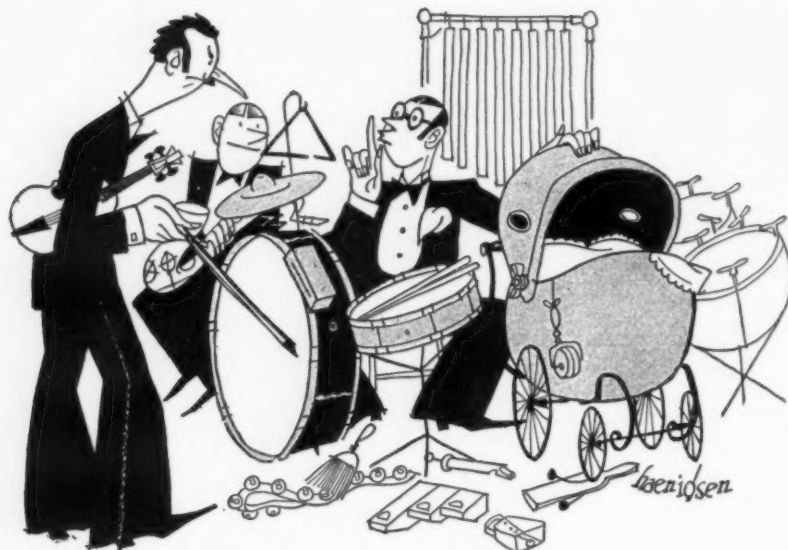
SHE: How is Jack for veracity?

HE: I don't know exactly what that is.

SHE: I know it — I asked how Jack was for it.



FURIOUS SHE: Don't you talk to me, you— you uncompanionate bride!



ORCHESTRA LEADER: Wot's the idea—what have you got in the carriage?
TRAP DRUMMER: My kid sister—I'm gonna start her crying during our Baby Number.

Along the Main Stem

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

How've you beeeeen and how-jeedoo, old pal? Pardon my familiarity but I picked that stuff up ankling along Broadway. Please overlook it. Most people you meet nowadays are cutting each other's throats trying so hard to be clever, so don't mind me. And no matter where you go they all tell you that they are writing for a newspaper or a magazine and the only thing that stumps me is that with nearly everybody writing pieces for the papers, where the deuce are the readers coming from? Am I right, as what's his name says, or am I right, Willard?

How are the merry magdalens out your way? I mean those darlings who used to do their ciggie smoking behind the barn. I suppose you're knocking the dears deader than Mr. McLarnin knocked Mr. Terris, with that way you have with young-and-high-waisted things. Come now, Willard, don't hold out on me. Don't I tell you everything I cross my heart not to tell?

FRINSTANCE: Robert Benchley sent Dorothy Parker a cablegram on his first day at sea which read: "Oh dear, oh dear!"... Heywood Broun had his side whiskers shaved off after seeing those on McKay Morris.... Robert E. Sherwood, the editor,

who distinctly has you understand that your contributions to his magazine must be on one side of the paper, writes his letters on both sides.... One of the chorus boys in Flo Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita" show is a former Episcopalian minister.... We have an absent-minded chorus girl in town who always gives the taxi-driver her phone number instead of the address she is bound for.... The line "Be yourself," which all of us thought was modern slang, is in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," a Shakespeare gag.

HENRY L. MENCKEN says he took the title of "the biggest fool in the world" away from George Jean Nathan the other day.... Mencken, it appears, had a throat operation at the Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, and left the hosp for his dwelling the same day, which sent him to bed for a while, hence his new title.... Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon are burning each other up and knocking each other cold by frequenting the same cabarets with different partners—then giving each other slaying looks.... Did you know that the man to blame for that moom pitcher subtitle, "Came the Dawn," is Benjamin De Casseres? Well, it is!...

Incidentally the Chez Florence, which is a joy cave on 48th Street,

is now the spot. You meet or rub shoulders with more society peasants and visiting nobility there than you could see in a month in Yurrop. It's quite the cat's. The Hollywood representatives gather there too, and the couvert is very reasonable. Greenwich Village is shot to pieces. They're building a new subway down there, anyway, which forced plenty of the giggle-water emporiums out of business, and the alleged bohemians are either committing suicide regularly or going straight.

SATURDAY eves are whooped up over at the Ritz in the sexclusive Mayfair Room, where it costs you fifteen dollars per person and you see some of the Biggies and many of the Smallies. If you'd enjoy an excellent number get Victor Record No. 21116A. It's "The Man I Love," with Marion Harris doing the warbling, and on the other side Phil Baker, the accordion man, accompanies her with "Did You Mean It?" They are both hot chunes.

NOTHING else has startled the good old street since you went away. You've probably heard the one about the Scotch silk merchant who went crazy trying to shrink a tapé measure. We no longer say of a person: "He's all wet!" The new crack is, "He drips." And Broadway, frequently called "The Main Stem," has so many Chinese restaurants that it is now tagged "The Chow Mein Stem." But the ace of the chuckles concerned Fanny Ward. They are saying the reason she went to Yurrop last year was to escape the epidemic of infantile paralysis. Haw! Love and hisses,

Your insincere friend,
Walter Winchell.

The Pugilist's Song

A NOSE that's flattened in,
Two optics black and blue,
A slightly twisted chin,
A jawbone that's askew,
A battered lip that stings,
Two cauliflower ears,—
I count these little things
Among my souvenirs!

A. L. L.

"WILL you marry me, dearest?"
"Certainly. C o m p a n -
ionate, Trial or Fight-to-a-Finish?"

East Is West

I GOT on the train at Seattle to take a trip back East to New York. As the train pulled out, I got into conversation with the man who had the upper berth of my section, and discovered that he, too, was going back East to visit his old home town.

"Where do you go?" I asked.

"Butte, Montana!" he informed me with pride. "Great town! The West is all right, but I have to run back East to the old home now and then."

* * *

In a day or so he got off at Butte. His berth was taken by another man who was going back East—to Chicago. After I had changed trains at Chicago, I met a man who was going back East to Pittsburgh.

I continued on back East to New York.

* * *

In New York I met an old college friend who was about to leave the big city. I asked him where he was going.

"Down East," he informed me.

"For the love of mud!" I exclaimed. "Isn't this East?"

He looked at me with scornful pity, as if uncertain of my wits.



SURE SIGN

Mrs. MUGGS: So you'll have to throw out the new roomer you got?

Mrs. TUGGS: Yes, he started flirting with me right away—and that means he's broke.

"I should say not!" he explained. "You ain't East until you get to Maine!"

* * *

I had spent several hundred dollars to go East, so I decided I might as well do so. I went to Maine.

In Maine I met an old sea captain, busily preparing for a vi'age.

"Where are you bound for?" I inquired.

"The East," he told me.

"Lord help us!" I said. "This is worse than the proverbial flea! Where is the East?"

He gave me a keen glance to see if my question was serious.

"Chiny!" he declared.

"Well, I'm glad to know it," I told him. "And say! When you get to Shanghai, will you send me a souvenir postcard? By that time I'll be 'Way Out East in Seattle!'"

W. B. France.

On Such a Night

THE night was warm and the air seemed heavy with the fragrant perfumes that follow a late afternoon shower. A big yellow moon hung low in the heavens. Merely to glance at it was to conjure up visions of low-slung roadsters and the open road. Exotic kisses borne on gentle breezes unearthed a thousand memories and sweet associations. Fleecy clouds lolled lazily in sharp relief against a blue-black sky. It was a night for lovers. So, hugging the descriptive booklet from Baboon Beach close to my breast, I staggered groggily off to bed.

P. S. L.

Prescription

ASALETIDA,
H₂S,
Add a gram of
I Con-Fess.
Grain of Heroin,
Dash of Coke,
Bares Plot Hokum,
Com. Strip Joke;
Spiritus Fru.,
Fromage de Brie,
Fill the Pill with
T N T.

Paint it with a Pink Sachet,
Here's the Tabloid for to-day!
Cyril B. Egan.



"Kind of nasty weather we're having—wasn't it?"



APRIL 12, 1928

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

THE main basis of Mr. Coolidge's popularity has been that he has not interfered with business. That is also the basis of the most substantial criticism that is fired at him. His critics say that he has given the country no particular leadership. No one questions the power of the United States, its wealth, its industrial development, the capacity and character of its people. It is a big country, very rich, potentially very powerful, but many people find the fault with it that it is not co-operating as it should with other countries of high responsibility in the concerns of the world. That criticism, however, is confined to governmental action. Outside of that the United States is now and has been right along a great and active power in the world.

Mr. Coolidge inherits from the party that kept us out of the League of Nations. One may wonder if the Senate that kept us out of the League did not do more than it realized to impair the power of our Government to take important action in foreign affairs. So speculating one may wonder whether that after all was not something done for the best. The Government of the United States had its opportunity; the Senate rejected it. The Government would not act. What happened? The job of saving the world that the politicians could not agree upon did not altogether fail in these States but was picked up by persons in a private capacity and especially by the bankers. What American bankers and men of business have done for Europe since 1920 is a long story and quite imposing. Compared with what the Government has done it makes an advantageous appearance.

And now what is going on? What do the headlines of current newspapers say to us? They are consid-

erably taken up with the assaults of our statesmen upon one another and the efforts of some of them to demonstrate flagrant dishonesty or incompetence in others. Senator Robinson assails Governor Smith as unfit for the Presidency. Senator Couzens demands that Secretary Mellon shall be dismissed from the Treasury. Senator Walsh continues his effort to bring out the facts about culpability in the oil scandals. A lot of Republican favorite sons are trying to head off Hoover. In New York the legislature kills as many of the Governor's bills as it can and not apparently because they are too bad to pass but because they might be too good.



REALLY the politicians ought to get together if they expect to survive. Government seems to be passing away from them, and lodging more and more in the hands of bankers and Big Business. Perhaps that is all for the best. It would not have suited Andrew Jackson to have the bankers run the country, but it would have perfectly suited Jefferson to have as little government as possible, and to have our great service to the world proceed from private effort.

Our politicians do not seem to have world-wide minds. They are interested in keeping in power and holding their jobs. Our bankers have the advantage of them in not having to worry about their tenancies. In Russia, in Italy, in Spain, in Turkey and elsewhere, power has passed away from legislative assemblies to persons who can get things done. Is that tendency noticeable also in the United States? Is the real power in affairs leaving the Government because, hobbled with rivalries and

whims and fears of constituencies, it cannot exercise it?



THEODORE DREISER'S reports on Russia, the fruit of eleven weeks of recent observation, have been more interesting and more impressive than most pieces about Russia. That is partly because we know Dreiser; partly because he is a first-rate reporter; partly because he is an intelligent and thoughtful person used to exercising his mind on problems of human existence.

He gives one an idea of the enormous job that the Soviet government has set out to accomplish. The policy of the Czar's government was considerably to keep the mass of the people ignorant. The policy of the Soviet government is to educate them, but to train and make over their minds in the process.

Dreiser thinks this effort now making over there will influence all human life, including that which goes on in the United States.

He finds Russia crammed with propaganda. He finds something accomplished to make life pleasanter for the industrial population but not much yet for the agricultural population. He sees a reaching out for all the new tools and facilities—radio, electric light, telephones, motor cars, airplanes. He finds a very considerable military organization; a big army in course of training and well equipped with all the modern instruments of destruction. Above all, he finds a state of nerves like that in Germany before the Great War and an immense and unceasing propaganda to produce in Russian minds the conviction that the capitalist nations are out to destroy the Soviet civilization, and to induce universal military preparation in Russia.

Is not that the big news of this hour, rather than bull markets, or oil scandals, or campaigns of favorite sons? If Russia is really festering with war fever and is actually capable of developing and equipping a great modern military force, that looks to be the biggest news there is.

And what may Mr. Dreiser think of Russia's recent proposal at Geneva of universal disarmament!

E. S. Martin.



"Rags Are Royal Raiment When Worn for Virtue's Sake"



NEWSIE: Wuxtry! All about the triple wreck!
 Thoiteen killed wreck!
 MRS. VAN SNIGGER: Oh, Gosh! it's gone!



ple m Wuxtry! Lady shoots husband an' sweetie!
 killed wreck! Wuxtree!
 Oh, Gosh! It's good to be home again!



Studies in Suspense

The Long Cigar Ash

The Fight Fans Form the Gallery at a Championship Golf Tournament

"AWRIGHT, big boy, do yer stuff!"... "C'mon, y'big stiff! Swing on it!"... "Let's go!"... "Wot is this, a livin' statchoo act?"... "Lookit how his ears flap!"... "Paste it, y'sap, paste it!"... "Hey, referee, how about some action?"... "Here we go now!"... "Wooooooo!"... "Missed it a mile!"... "Somebody hand him a paddle!"... "Wot is this, a posthole-diggin' contest?"... "If that baby's a golf champion I'm Lindbergh!"... "At's right, kiddo, try another club!"... "Give him a basketball an' see if he can hit it!"... "C'mon, y'big hick! Can the stallin'!"... "Lookit the tee he's buildin'!"... "Wot is that, fella?"

Pike's Peak?"... "Hey! Why don't you take a tractor over to the beach an' drag back a coupla more truckloads of sand?"... "He's gonna get it even with his shoulders, an' then swing on it with a tennis racquet!"... "We're off again!"... "All hands on deck for the sandstorm!"... "Step on it, big boy, step on it!"... "Fore!"... "Five!"... "Five ninety-eight!"... "Owooooo!"... "B l a a a a - aah!"... "Woooooo!"... "Throw him out!"... C. J.

"DO you know anything about foreign cooking?"
"Not much. It's all Greek to me."

Spring Magic

THE sleeping world removes its winter coat
To bask in soothing sunshine once again;
A hymn of praise from every birdling's throat
Proclaims the yearly wonder in the glen.
And Molly sez to Polly, idly yawning,
"I think I'll buy a hat to-morrer mawning,"
And Polly sez to Molly, somewhat cheery,
"I'd like to get a new ensemble, dearie."

The Great Magician, Spring, performs once more.
Upon the Cosmic Stage awhile he stays.
The rapids down the narrow canyons roar
And brooklets sing the star performer's praise.
And Molly sez to Polly, mildly musing,
"I wonder what became of Harry Husing...?"
And Polly sez to Molly, "Don't get sobby,
But listen, do you ever hear from Bobby?"

Arthur L. Lippmann.

One Hundred Per Cent!

THEY laughed when the waiter spoke to me in French, but their laughter changed to a look of admiration when I slowly looked him up and down and said, with a contemptuous sneer in my voice:

"I don't speak none of that wop talk, see? Youse Frogs come over here and don't learn to talk American, but pass out this high-hat la-la talk, but that don't rate with me, see? You're in a real white man's country now, Bud, and don't forget it, see?... Now, boy, I want some ham and eggs. How about the rest of youse folks?"

Something Else Again

WILL HAYS looks after the morals of the movies, don't he?"

"Yeah."

"Well, didn't he used to do somep'n for the Republican party too?"

"Yeah, but it wasn't that. It was somep'n else."



La and Die Revue

Berlin, March 15.

THIS being an expedition solely for the purpose of checking up on the progress of the Drama in some of the nicer countries of Europe, we are a little distressed, in beginning this communication to our parish, at having no notes at hand except those made on the margins of rather gaudy revue-programs. A casual observer of our collection of programs might think that thus far we have attended nothing but revues. And, for the first time in his life, a casual observer would be right.

We mean eventually to see some of the more serious works and report on them, but until now we have not felt quite up to it. We can, however, give quite an interesting outline of the main differences in the revue as practiced in France and Germany. We can point out the trends (there are some very good trends this season) and do a lot of things like that. We might even make this into a little brochure on the Continental Revue which could become a sort of reference work.

Taking the new *Folies-Bergère* in Paris as the French type, and the two Berlin revues, "*Wann und Wo*" and "*Zieh' dich aus*," as the German, it almost looks as if we were ready to start.



THE new *Folies* are pretty punko. The German revues are better, but nothing much. If American revue producers try to imitate the Continental revues this year, they will have a bad case of inbreeding on their hands, for there is nothing here which has not been in American revues already. And by "already" is meant 1920-25.

The French go in a little more for the dull, spectacular fairy-tale numbers which have been more or less discontinued in America because, during them, so many people got to drooping out of their seats in sleep. The wow in the *Folies* this year is one called "The Bewitched Château," containing such red-hot items as "The Awakening of the Sleeping Beauty" and "A Marriage in the Land of Dreams." This is followed, before you can get your breath back, by "*La France Gastronomique*," in which some very moderately beautiful young ladies act as if they were salmon, potatoes, fruits in season, and so forth... Dandy.

There are, of course, some John Tiller girls, as where are there not? And, as they can at least keep step, they practically stop the show. A pair of twins with the good, reliable name of "The Dodge Sisters" are refreshingly expert, and that just about cleans up the favorable side

of the report. The comedy is, of course, awful, and calling it that is giving it the breaks.

It is possible that we missed something very good by dozing off during a number called "Dreams Are Only Soap Bubbles," but we doubt it.



THE Berlin revue, "*Wann und Wo*," differs from the *Folies* in that the girls are Lawrence Tiller girls instead of John Tiller girls. On the program, as on the *Folies* program, the name of each act is given in German, French and English as an aid to the buyers from out of town. A rather ticklish job of translation has been well handled in this instance where the German announcement reads, "*Die Original Lawrence Tiller Girls*," the French, "*Les Originales Lawrence Tiller Girls*," and the English, "The Original Lawrence Tiller Girls." So you can't go wrong. The only unfair feature is that a Hungarian might be left more or less in the dark about it.

What the Germans lack in scenic effects (Dr. Reinhardt was not called in on the production of "*Wann und Wo*") they make up in a genial vigor and wholehearted enjoyment of their work comparable only with the verve of the Negro shows in New York. In "*Zieh' dich aus*" especially is there a bounce which turns a third-rate show into something of a gala. In one scene, laid in a public swimming-bath, the juvenile not only violates all rules of the juveniles' guild by plunging into the pool and getting his clothes wet and his hair mussed, but afterwards engages in a hysterical combat with the audience in which a large rubber-ball, soaking wet from the pool, is kicked out over the house and then tossed back by the lucky spectator who has been hit by it. It is a bit of a strain to imagine a New York first-night audience in full regalia entering into this game with the glee of the Germans, but after the first night it might be used to liven up some of the art productions in our more earnest theatres.



NOTABLE among the new German *Volkslieder* of the present season, constituting a large part of the musical programs of the local revues are: "The Birth of the Blues," "This Is My Lucky Day," and "Because I Love You," by that old *meister*, Herr Irving Berlin.

Incidentally, we have tried for three nights to get seats for a new show called "Broadway," but it is always sold out.

Robert Benchley.



"What's your verdict, Gentlemen of the Jury?"
 "She's a wow!"

Now That the K. K. K. Has Unmasked—

WHY not unmask—

The girl who says to another, "Why, dear, I *want* you to dance a lot with my Jack. You dance so beautifully together!"

The lady who says to her neighbor, "Oh, I'm just *delighted* that you've got a new Cadillac. Isn't it the loveliest thing?"

The lady who has just been corrected, "Did I say 'who' for 'whom'? Why, of course I'm not vexed at your correcting me. I *want* you to do it every time I make an error."

The stony-faced dame who says, "Well, it was *my* trick anyway. But it was quite all right to put your ace on it, partner. Not at all."

The taxi-driver trying to win a prize during Courtesy Week who says, "Sure, buddy, I'd be tickled to death to drive you out to Cedarbog. Yes, I know it's raining and it's eighteen miles and I won't get a passenger back to town—but shucks, I'd *love* to take you. Hop in."

The hat-check girl who says, "Thank you, sir. I'm saving nickels dated 1897 and I'd rather have one than anything else."

Texas Guinan welcoming to her night club eleven gentlemen who ad-

mit having only \$2.75 among them and saying, "Come on in. Folks, give these pop-corn and hot-dog men from the East a hand!"

Governor Smith on receiving a bouquet of orchids from Senator Heflin.

Senator Heflin on receiving a bouquet of orchids from Governor Smith.

Harry Irving Shumway.

Hay Center News

THE meeting of the town trustees adjourned early Monday night so the committee on culture, art and music could attend a preview of two new records on the drugstore phonograph.

"DO you mind telling me what you paid for that car?"

"Yes. I haven't."



MR. NEWRICH (having torn up large piece of turf): Replace the divot? I can't be bothered. Remind me some time to buy up a new course for you.

The Bride Broadcasts

"HOT biscuits, darling! Well, well, well! Just think of that!"

"Yes, hot biscuits! No, I've never made any before. Yes, I made these all by myself. No, they won't bounce if you drop them. Yes, I tried one on the cat and it's still alive. No, I didn't mix in the cook book and leave out the salt. Yes, if you survive this nothing will surprise you. And now, unless I've overlooked some wisecrack you had in mind, will you kindly put the syrup pitcher on the plate, dear, so it won't drip on the cloth?"

C. J.

Another Suburban Murder

"SKOAL!" cried the guest as he lifted his glass

In the good old-fashioned way;
"Well, it ought to be," replied his host;

"It's been on ice all day."

Dick Chryst.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm so MAD I could SNIFFLE SOUP! I mean I'm HONestly so WRATHy I could NIBble NOODles at this point, no less, because Tom DRIBble SIMPLY SLAYS me, my dear, because I mean he's one of these odd SOULS who ALWAYS want to be aLONE with you, sort of, and moNOPolize you or something, do you know what I mean? Well, ANYways, my dear,

only the other NIGHT, Tom and I went to the RUBber DUCK after the THEatre and he got a TABLE for TWO and said he hadn't seen me aLONE for Æons or something and it was SIMPLY MARvelous to have me all to himSELF and at this point I began SIGNALing FRANTically to ESTher SPILL and Tony BLIMP, who were SITting across the ROOM with an EXtra MAN, my dear, and they came ROARing Over and sat DOWN at our Table and this MAN was TERRibly AM Using, my dear, because I mean he was SLIGHTly SWIZZled and kept SAYing the FUNniest THINGS and trying to HOLD my HAND under the Table and all—can you BEAR it, my dear? And, my dear, I was SIMPLY LIVid at the way TOM acted because of COURSE, my dear, I couldn't let THEM pay the check because I mean I'd PRACTicably INVITed them to our TABLE and all but TOM was SIMPLY VILE about it and ACtually sugGESTed we go DUTCH on it or something! HONestly, my dear, I was SIMPLY RIPPING and I simply wouldn't SPEAK to him on the way HOME, my dear, because I mean I HONestly think the WORST thing in the WORLD is being PARsleymonious and inHOSPitable or something—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

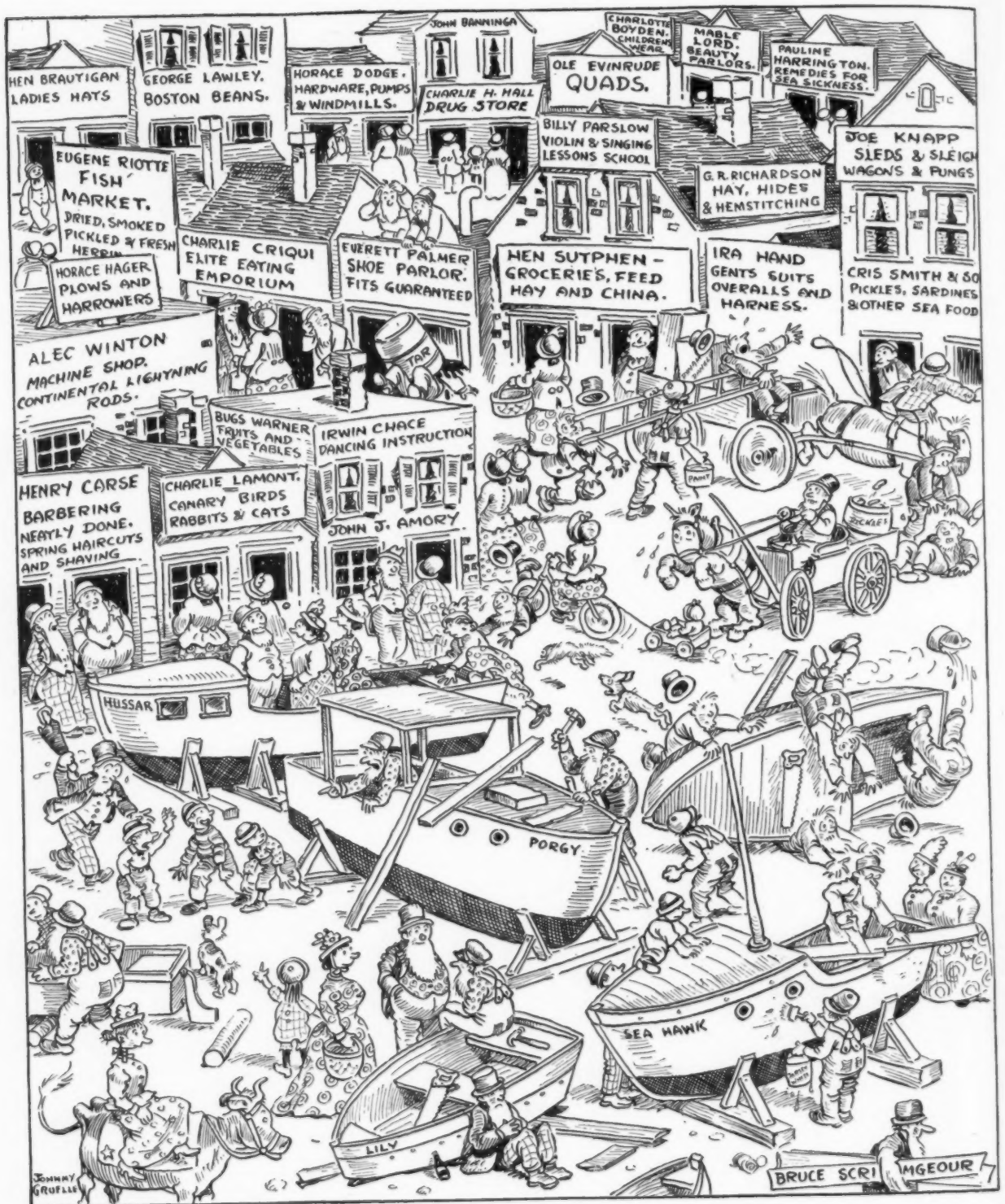
Safety First

OLD LADY (in auto in front of filling station, to attendant): I want some oil, please, with no scandal attached to it.

ADD Similes—"As busy as the first revolving door in a small town."



ABSENT-MINDED MR. ATKINS—ALWAYS AN ANIMAL LOVER.



Yahoo Center
The Yacht Club's Spring Overhauling

Permanent Wavelengths

THE old notion that Sunday is a day of refined discomfort still persists on the radio, even if it is the busiest day in the week for caddies and operators of filling stations. No wonder, then, that Broadway's two major contributions to the Sunday programs are popular breaks in the non-stop flights of oratory that make Sunday the longest radio day in the week.

Roxy goes on the air, via WJZ, at two o'clock. His Sunday afternoon services are in the nature of High Mass at the Cathedral of the Motion Picture. Low Mass, as it were, is held on Monday evening, when the Gang is allowed, nay, even encouraged, to get kittenish and sing songs in baby talk about wittle wag dollies.

Something tells me that Roxy is very proud of his Sunday Strolls—that's what they're called. He announces in a muted, plush voice, with the organ playing off-side, for all the world like a wedding. His voice is as ecclesiastical as Mr. Belasco's collar.

But the musical content of the program is unusually good, with fewer than the conventional number of Negro Spirituals, oh, yes, Lord.

* * *

DIFFERENT doings come leaping in on Sunday evening from Roxy's rival, Major Edward Bowes, at the Capitol Theatre. The Capitol program is about seventy-five per cent announcements and about twenty-



HE: See that man with the blonde across the room? That's the biggest bootlegger in New York.

SHE: Oh, yes. That's Father.

five per cent music. The program is switched so often from stage to studio that you don't know whether you're in the orchestra pit or climbing Mont Blanc. With all this jerking back and forward, or up and down, you hear as many voices as you do when you are trying to register a kick over the telephone to the gas company.

When the Capitol program finally lights in the studio and settles down to business, it gets smoother. But there's no getting away from the fact that the Major is no born announcer. When he tries to make things all comfy and cozy, his voice seems to imply that all persons who are to be found home on Sunday evening are either infants, elderly invalids or loose in the thatch. What he mistakes for the family touch is really more like a bedside manner.

* * *

ANY letters to this department asking what to do about squeaking, squealing or fading

radio sets will be turned over to my attorneys. If you can't get what you want the way you want it on your set, go out and buy a better one. Or get new tubes. Or re-charge your battery. Or move to a new neighborhood. But don't come whining to me about it.

Agnes Smith.

NEXT WEEK: *How to Have a Gay Old Central Standard Time.*

Color-Blind

JOE: Who was that cute little blonde you had at the dance last Thursday night?

Gus: Oh, she's that cute little brunette I had at the dance last Monday night.

Absolutely Correct

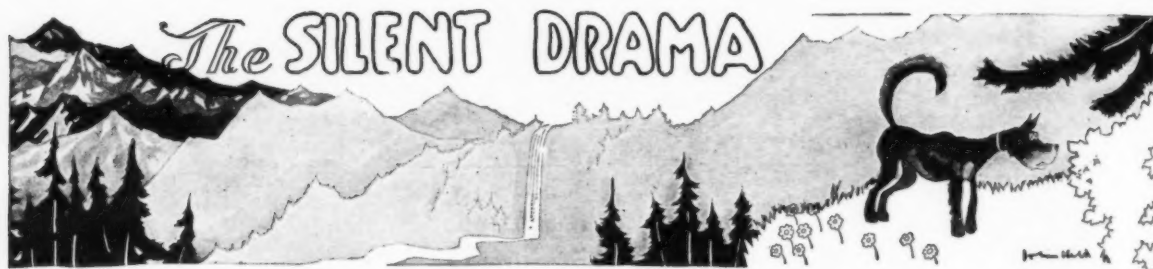
KENTUCKY COLONEL (on being presented to Mussolini): Mistuh Mussolini, suh, it's a great honuh, suh, to meet you-all.

IF Will Rogers is nominated, the slogan will be easy: "From Side-splitter to President."



IN CHICAGO

CONDUCTOR (calling streets): State!
PASSENGER: Iowa.



"The Trail of '98"

STARTING out with scenes in San Francisco thirty years ago, "The Trail of '98" follows a group of gold seekers along the long, hard road that led to the Klondike—by boat to the Alaskan coast, and then on foot for six hundred miles through incredible hardships.

The first scenes are magnificent, particularly those on the boat from San Francisco and those which show the grim, plodding procession up the first sheer slope of Chilkoot Pass. So impressive is the scope of these scenes, so vitally elemental is the drama that they contain, that one is moved to hail "The Trail of '98" as another of those "epics," comparable in magnitude with "The Covered Wagon."

WELL, "The Trail of '98" isn't comparable in magnitude or in anything else with "The Covered Wagon." Having achieved a grand scale in its earlier reels, it proceeds to contract to the dimensions of an ordinary Alaskan melodrama. Having approximated dignity and grandeur, it descends to hamness and even to absurdity. It is, in short, a big disappointment.

The decline starts when Clarence Brown, the director, introduces some of the most unconvincing trick photography ever observed by this innocent bystander. This happens in the

scenes showing the principal characters being tossed about in a frail boat on the turbulent Yukon.

After that, both Mr. Brown and his story become phonier and phonier, until there is nothing left for it but to insert one of those fist fights which appear to be inevitable in Alaskan melodramas. As usual, the villain knocks down the hero; then the hero (with bleeding lips) staggers to his feet and knocks down the villain, and vice versa, back and forth, tit for tat, until the villain (resorting to mucker ball) draws his gun and starts shooting. The hero obeys the rules for fistic combat as outlined by the Marquis of Hollywood and proceeds to throw a kerosene lamp at the villain. This ignites not only the villain but the entire city of Dawson as well. After which the hero, the heroine and their picturesque friends start mining the gold which everybody has struck.

IT is difficult to guess why Mr. Brown fell down on this big job. Perhaps its very bigness upset him. Perhaps he should stick to quiet, unpretentious dramas of everyday life (like "Smouldering Fires," for instance), which, as a matter of fact, are much harder to do well than the million-dollar super-features.

The actual direction of "The Trail of '98" is admirable, there being an appreciable number of those so-

called "touches" that betray both imagination and skill. It is in the story, and in the characterizations that emerge from the story, that "The Trail of '98" is woefully insufficient. This may not be Mr. Brown's fault, but it is certainly his responsibility.

IN view of the quality of the story, it is not strange that the extra players (who are not concerned with the plot) should give better performances than the principal players (who are). Ralph Forbes, Harry Carey, and even the vivid Dolores Del Rio are all hopelessly theatrical. Tully Marshall, Karl Dane and George Cooper, the humorous "character men," are considerably better, as are several unidentified performers.

I HAVE just read an article on Clarence Brown by that belligerent writer, Jim Tully, whose raw meat is served up regularly among the candied violets of *Vanity Fair*.

According to the carnivorous Mr. Tully, Mr. Brown has never cut more than a thousand feet of film from any picture he has ever made. He could easily have broken his record this time and cut four times that much from "The Trail of '98," including in his surgical operations several miles of close-ups.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Tenderloin. An incoherent melodrama, made more so by the use of the Vitaphone to record several snatches of spoken dialogue. I hear that since the picture first opened the most laughable talking scene has been deleted.

The Showdown. Three men (one of whom is George Bancroft) engage in violent arguments over the possession of a girl. The scene is an oil field in the tropics.

Dressed to Kill. Edmund Lowe as a sheik bandit in an exceptionally meritorious melodrama of the underworld.

The Smart Set. One more annoying smart-aleck rôle for William Haines. This time he's a polo player who wins for dear old U. S. A. in the last minute of play.

The Secret Hour. Pola Negri gives a fine performance as a waitress in a spaghetti joint.

The Crowd. Some excellent direction by King Vidor expended on a story that fails to carry sufficient weight.

The Gaucho. Douglas Fairbanks's sparkle is dimmed in this one.

Simba. The most ambitious and most exciting animal picture that the Martin Johnsons have yet turned in.

The Dove. Norma Talmadge as a sorely oppressed little girl in a mythical country that bears a strange resemblance to Mexico.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. A gaudy array of lingerie and laughs, legs and gags, which is entertaining but not particularly profound.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. Even though you know the plot of this one you can't fail to experience something of the old thrill.

Sunrise, The Last Command, The Circus and Wings lead the "yes" list just at present.

LA SALLE

COMPANION CAR TO CADILLAC



THOSE who know motor-cars and motor-car values, quite obviously, find nothing else to compensate for the performance supremacy of LaSalle's proved V-type, 90-degree, 8-cylinder, Cadillac-built engine—nowhere the radiant beauty of color, spirited lines, studied appointments of LaSalle. With this year's prices substantially lower and the addition of five new models you need no longer forego the gratification and prestige of owning a LaSalle—companion car to Cadillac.

If you prefer to buy out of income, as nearly everyone does today, the General Motors plan is very liberal. The appraisal value of your car is, of course, acceptable as cash.

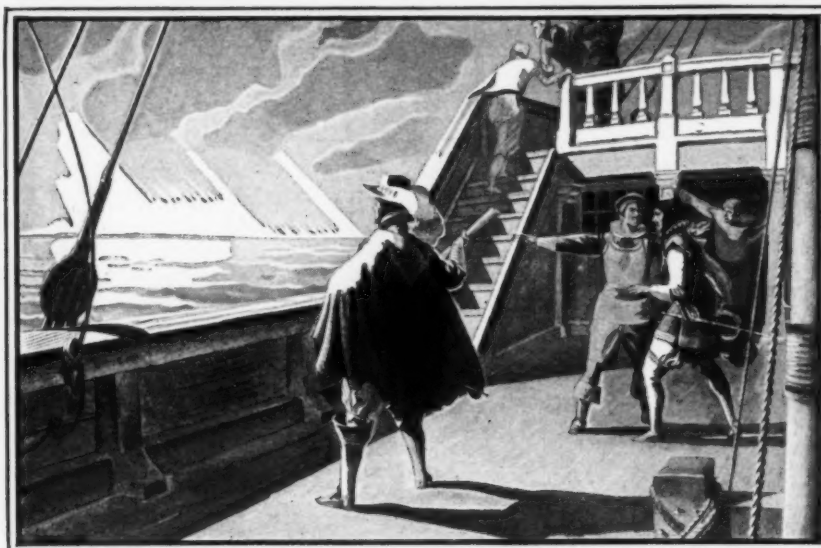
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

Detroit, Michigan

Oshawa, Canada





Widening the Telephone Horizon

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



IN THE memory of many now living, Alexander Graham Bell made the apparently rash prediction that the day would come when we could talk to other countries, even across wide expanses of water. That was shortly after the historic conversation between Boston and Cambridge, a distance of two miles.

Bell's vision was made a reality when in 1926 New York and London spoke together in two way conversation, and when in 1927 this service was opened to the public between any point in the U. S. A. and Great

Britain. Since then, Mexico has been brought into speaking distance; important cities of continental Europe have come within the voice horizon of the United States.

Even more important, the Bell System in the United States now embraces 18,500,000 telephones—a growth for the past year of more than 750,000.

We may now converse with each other from practically any point in this country to any other, and may talk beyond our borders and across the sea. That is measurable progress in widening America's telephone horizon.

Romance in a Newspaper Office

(Written by an office boy and found in a reporter's typewriter.)

THE long western day faded away with a dark red hue of the beautiful sun of Colordoro Mts/ A lone rider appeared in the distant horizon of the town of Yellow Dog. He was dressed in a regular cow-puncher way. A big sombrero cocked on the back of his bullet shape head and a light gray silk shirt with a yellow bandana, wooly chaps and spurs which were dulled/ His horse was a regular cow-mustang with a long drooping nmane and a regular horse-racing feet with a mouth that was wahting to

bite you every time you looked at it/. Strolling down the main st/ of yellow dog he stopped by the only saloon in town the Daisy Bell.

—New York World.

Study in Contrast

To music shows I love to go—
What's more, I think them nifty;
But all the girls are sweet sixteen,
And all the jokes are fifty.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Shoe Salesman Waits on a Lady Customer

(As Observed by a Mindreader)

"WELL, what will you have? That's a foolish question, isn't it? It's a cinch you didn't come here to buy a necktie. You'd like to try on some shoes? How about *buying* some shoes? What size do you wear? A six? That isn't a small size, but it's too small for you, old girl. You mean a twelve. I don't see why you didn't go to the men's department. You've got a man's foot. All right, all right, I'll get some sixes. Yes, I will. Ha, ha! I'll say I'm a liar. Here's a nice pair of battleships—in battleship gray. Yes, ma'am, those are sixes. Ha, ha! I'll say I'm a liar. They're nines, but I don't think you're going to make it. Powder? Foot powder? You want some foot powder? Lady, you'll need blasting powder to get those feet in *that* shoe! That's right. Curl your toes up. Every little bit helps. You might be able to get them on, at *that*! I say *might*! With might and main! Ha, ha! They're a bit too tight. I'll get another *siz* with a trifle wider last. I'll say I'm a liar. I'm going to get you a twelve. That's what I told you in the first place. Must be a lot of *big people* in your family. *Big people* with *big feet*. Was your father a policeman? Here you are. Here's your six. Ha, ha! Well, I'm half right, anyway. Yes, I think they will stretch after you've worn them awhile. How could they *help* it? All right. Yes, twelve dollars. You'll wear them out? I'll say you'll wear them out. And *how*! Well, here's your cute little sixes—ha, ha—and, for God's sake, don't ever come in here AGAIN!"

Frank Romano.

Modern Letters of Excuse

"PLEASE excuse Johnny from attending school this week. He is participating in the National Amateur Golf Tournament."

"Sybil's absence from classes Thursday afternoon was unavoidable since she had to fulfill an engagement to read some of her latest poems at the Episcopal Ladies' Guild."

"Doris requests me to ask you to excuse her this week; she has been chosen to try out for the Olympic swimming team."

"Junior was absent from school this morning through no fault of his own. You kept him so long after school yesterday that he was arrested for speeding home in his car."

Bill Sykes.

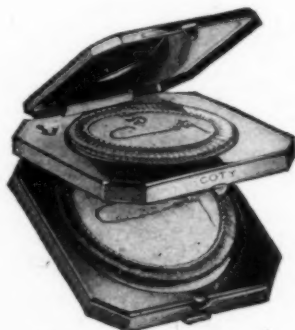


DOUBLE COMPACTE COTY

DOUBLE BEAUTY IN EACH



Complete — adorable! In one compartment, COTY Compact Powder, in the shades so flattering to the individual. The other, COTY Rouges so gloriously enlivening. Both, with mirrors and puffs, in an exquisite box of platinum tone. A smart personal touch is to have one's monogram engraved on the top.



SHADE COMBINATIONS
Blanc Compact Powder with Light Rouge
Rachel with Medium or Dark
Natural with Bright, Light, Medium or Dark

REFILLS
Both Rouge and Powder Compacts
Obtainable Everywhere



"ROUGE"
how to use it for greatest beauty
— a booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON

COTY INC.
 714 Fifth Avenue, New York
 CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave. Montreal

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"MISTER, WOULDN'T YOU PLEASE TAKE THE SHIRT OFF YOUR BACK TO GET ME A CUP OF COFFEE?"

—America's Humor.

Just Like White Folks

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE H. W. Penney had a Negro girl witness appearing in his court the other day. The maid sat down. She crossed her limbs.

"Pull down your dress," said the Judge.

"I can't, Jedge. I dresses jes' like white gals."

"You are fined five dollars for contempt of court," said the Judge. "Pay it to the clerk."

The maid went to the clerk and offered him five dollars.

"What's this for?" asked the clerk.

"For tempting the Jedge," said the maid.—Miami Life.



Villager: GRIMES IS TAKING A PROPER SWELL TO THE STATION THIS MORNING. DID YOU NOTICE HIS SPATS?

—Humorist (London).

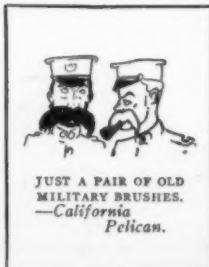
Another Try

WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR: Here's my manuscript which I offered you a year ago.

EDITOR: But if I refused it a year ago, what's the use of bringing it back now?

CONTRIBUTOR: Well, you have had a year's experience since then.

—Weekly Telegraph.



JUST A PAIR OF OLD MILITARY BRUSHES.
—California Pelican.

Anent Paydays
FROM Saturday to Saturday
Is such a long and barren way!
And yet I'll wager this is right:
If Saturday came Wednesday night
By some strange shift of Fortune's boon,
We'd need our wages Monday noon!

—John D. Wells, in

Buffalo Courier-Express.

"His wife was a passenger in the grumble seat."—The Daily News.

STET.—New Yorker.

A soft tire doesn't turn away wrath.

—San Francisco Chronicle.



The Fakir: I GO FOR FORTY DAYS SHUT UP IN A BOX WITHOUT TASTING FOOD!

"AND YOU DO THIS TO GAIN YOUR DAILY BREAD?"

—L'Intransigeant (Paris).

The Thrill

MISS GIBSON was very rich and Mr. Hanna was very poor. She liked him, but that was all, and he was well aware of the fact. One evening he grew somewhat tender and at last he said: "You are very rich, aren't you, Helen?"

"Yes, Tom," replied the girl frankly, "I am worth about two million dollars."

"Will you marry me, Helen?"

"Oh, no, Tom, I couldn't."

"I knew you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Just to see how a man felt who had just lost two million dollars."

—Tennessee Tar.

CROCODILES can go three months without eating. But what makes a fellow suspicious when he looks at one is, will he?

—Kingston Whig-Standard.

THE surprising part of Col. Lindbergh's "surprise visits" comes when he lands and is surprised to find that he hasn't surprised anybody.

—Detroit News.



"STOP, DRIVER—YOU'VE RUN OVER SOMEBODY!"

"I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR BY NOT STOPPING—YOU'VE NO IDEA OF THE TROUBLE YOU'D BE IN FOR AS A WITNESS."

—L'Illustration (Paris).

One of the Best

WE were the guests of a well-known song builder the other P.M., and after a comforting dinner we adjourned to the living-room, and tuned in on the Hetra.

A brand-new song was announced, and played, and we liked it.

"That's a mighty good melody," we remarked.

"Good?" said the piano-pounder. "I'll say it is. Why, I've written it myself twelve different times!"

—Brooklyn Eagle.



IN THE NEAR FUTURE

"IS THAT MATILDA, OUR MAID?"

"YES, SHE'S JUST WHIPPING CREAM FOR DINNER."

—Kasper (Stockholm).

When You Call Me That, Smile

"Howdy, pardner. Y'u're from back East, I reckon. Kinder open out here in Arizona, ain't it? You stayin' at the Bar 7, I reckon. 'Tain't the same 'round here since the Old Man went on. This old road is the same, though. Yep, seems like yesterday when Three-Gun Bender rode around these hyeah pa'ts. Ever hear a' him? I reckoned not. He was the plumb meanest cussed critter north of the Rio Grande. Shot six sheriffs in as many weeks. 'Member once I was drivin' the stage with the pay grip from the Three Strike Mine. Wal, we got over Boulder Creek pronto, but when we came to Stunted Pine Bend, out steps this hombre, shoves a six-gun in my ribs, and... Say, pardner, you don't seem interested. Your face is familiar; mebbe I told you this story before. What'd you say your name was?"

"Zane Grey."

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

Do It Now!

STENOGRAPHER: This "To be done today" note on your desk calendar is two months old.

THE BOSS: That's all right; I haven't done it yet.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



Clerk: I WISH TO ASK FOR AN INCREASE OF SALARY, SIR. I WAS MARRIED LAST MONTH AND WE SIMPLY CAN'T EXIST ON WHAT I EARN.

Employer: OH, WHO IS THE LUCKY GIRL?

—Everybody's Weekly (London).

"SOMETHIN' else that's becomin' rarer ever' day is home-grown daughters."

—Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.

Who Dropped That Pin?

"The last decade of the nineteenth century is preeminently the age of noise. In the general pandemonium, the clatter of iron hoofs, the clash of steel tires, and the creak of ball-bearingless axles are prominent factors. When the motor comes in, with its rubber tires and improved bearings, and the sound of iron hoofs becomes infrequent, then we shall realize that one of the blessings of the motor vehicle, and one, perhaps, we had not fully anticipated, is that it is a conqueror of noise."—The Horseless Age, for February, 1899.

WHAT a fine prophet he turned out to be.—Toronto Goblin.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

False Pride

ANGRY MOTORIST: Some of you pedestrians walk along just as if you owned the streets.

IRATE PEDESTRIAN: Yes, and some of you motorists drive around just as if you owned the car!—Pathfinder.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Heard in Mazda Lane

"My good man, would you indorse a cigarette for \$1,000?"

"For \$1,000 I would indorse opium."

—New York Sun.

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Persons You Are Simply Mad About



WHEN IT'S IN
IT'S OUT

The Girl Who Never Grew Up

Beattie's the sweetie, who gets over great
By leaving her sag ends in tea cup or plate,
Or mixing her ashes all up with her butter—
We think that dear Beattie's too utterly utter.

WE know you like your dinners to be informal. But the maids do get so cross when guests make mud pies on their plates with cigarette ashes, butter and mayonnaise. The thoughtful hostess these days provides Nevasmok for the amusement of the playfully inclined.

In addition to looking like a million

dollars, Nevasmok is the most capable ash receiver of modern times. It smothers a glowing cigarette end instantly. It never, never, never smokes and can't spill an ash. It cleans instantly. And get this—it's absolutely odorless. Lastingly enameled in Moscow Red, Prohibition Blue and other glad colorings.

YANKEE METAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 507 W. 50th St., New York

Specialists in artistic smoke accessories

NEVASMOK

Smokeless and Odorless Ash Receiver

New York
Showroom:—
Fifth Avenue
Building
200 Fifth Avenue
Room 1121

Chicago
Showroom:—
American
Furniture Mart
666 Lake Shore Drive
Space 618



If you don't find
NEVASMOK at
your favorite
smoke shop just
send us \$2.50 and
we will ship you
one postpaid.



Harveycars the Indian-detour

Beyond New Mexico's train horizons explore by motor, in Santa Fe-Harvey comfort, a little known America of primitive Mexican villages, Spanish Missions, Indian Pueblos, prehistoric cliff dwellings and buried cities—all set in the matchless scenery and climate of the Southern Rockies. \$50 for three days up to May 15, 1928.

**Beginning May 15, 1928
Two-day Puyé Detour—\$40**

Pecos Mission and ruined Cicuyé; Santa Fé Trail and old Santa Fé; Tesuque, Santa Clara and Santo Domingo pueblos, and the great cliff dwellings at Puyé.

**Three-day Taos-Puyé
Detour—\$57.50**

All of the two-day Detour plus a magnificent 150-mile motor Cruise to fascinating Taos Pueblo, via the rugged gorge of the upper Rio Grande.

NOTE—Rates cover every expense, including motor transportation, courier service, meals and hotel accommodations with bath.

Mail this coupon.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1042-A Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please send me free picture folder about the "Indian-detour" and "Harveycar Motor Cruises."

Table d'Hôte

THE following little satire on national characteristics comes from Belgium.

One day last summer four tourists were seated at dinner at a hotel in Ostend, each with the soup course in front of him, when suddenly four flies that had come through the open window contrived to get into their respective plates.

The first of the tourists, an Englishman, promptly drew himself up, reached stiffly for his hat and departed in dignity without saying a word.

The second tourist, a Frenchman, called loudly for the waiter, withered him with invective, pushed his plate away and rushed out, cursing the hotel for a "filthy hole" (*sale boîte*) and slamming the door behind him.

The third, a German, carefully removed his fly with a spoon, ate his soup, and proceeded to repeat the operation with the plates left untouched by his erstwhile neighbors, the Frenchman and the Englishman.

The fourth, a Russian, ate up his soup, fly and all, without having noticed anything; then, perceiving the bedraggled insects rescued by the German, he took them delicately by the wings and placed them on the window sill. "Poor little flies!" he murmured, and left them to escape into the open air.

—Le Rire (Paris).

The Promise of Youth

A FRENCH aviator, flying continuously for five hours, looped the loop 1,111 times. That reminds me of a boy I used to know.

He could get up on the store counter and stand on his head on the end of a quart tomato can, without touching it with his hands. He was famous through four townships, and great things were expected of him.

I lost sight of him after that for many years and he has grown to middle age. But I heard recently that the hopes of his friends and admirers were richly realized. He once in an inspired moment succeeded in getting up on a counter and standing on his head on the end of a pint cove-oyster can.

—E. C. A., in *Detroit News*.

Pressing Business

"I WANT to speak to Mr. Jones," said the voice over the wire.

"I'm sorry, sir, but Mr. Jones is in conference," the private secretary replied sweetly.

And at the same moment Mr. Jones was in deep conference with a friend at Merchant and Bishop Streets. He declared, very confidentially and not for publication:

"Yeah, it's sure wonderful how quick they can dig a big hole in the ground like that. I see they're putting in the foundation already. Wonder how they are going to get rid of that water, though?"

—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

"Does he talk sense?"

"Sense? His sanest remark would be too foolish for a popular-song title."

—Dublin Opinion.



This is Piccadilly Circus, in the heart of London—near which is the famous little Carreras tobacco shop of Carreras, Ltd.

PITY the man who has not yet filled his pipe with CRAVEN MIXTURE! But envy him, too! He has yet to enjoy the delightful experience of smoking his first pipeful of London's favorite tobacco. Has that pleasure been yours?

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in America and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin send 10¢ in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., Dept. 30, 220 Fifth Ave., New York.

Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London

Of course they're the new
WRISTACRAT
METAL BAND WATCH BRACELETS

Wherever you see faultlessly attired men and women, you may be sure they wear the new Wristacrat Metal Band Watch Bracelets. Merely two bands of metal held together by a friction-bar—with nothing to pinch, pull or loosen up. Drop in at your jeweler's and look over the entire range of Wristacrat designs in 12-K, green, white and yellow gold-filled.

Priced from \$5.50 to \$6.50
LOUIS STERN CO., Providence, R. I.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned below.

More or Less Serious

American Laboratory. 222 East 54th St.—Boleslavsky's splendid direction lifts this above ordinary experimental theatre. Jean Jacques Bernard's "Martine," done handsomely, is this week added to an uncommonly good repertory.

Civic Repertory. Fourteenth St.—The splendid list of productions given by Eva Le Gallienne and her group, now includes an interesting "Hedda Gabler." For full repertory see daily papers.

Coquette. Maxine Elliott's—A faultless performance by Helen Hayes in an exquisite tragedy of the South.

Dracula. Fulton—Now the dean of the spine chillers and also the most devilish in its conception.

A Free Soul. Klaw—Good old-fashioned drama with Kay Johnson and William A. Brady at the helm.

The Furies. Shubert—Laurette Taylor's magic acting turns into pure gold something that is less than 18 karat.

Interference. Lyceum—London melodrama, with the usual ingredients, made effective by A. E. Matthews and his associates.

King Henry V. Hampden's—A generous production by Walter Hampden, who knows his Shakespeare.

The Ladder. Belmont—Seats free for this story of reincarnation. One man's way of telling the world what he believes in.

The Mystery Man. Bayes—Not much one way or the other.

Saturday's Children. Forrest—After going off and seeing the world a bit this first-rate American play comes back to Broadway. Ruth Gordon is still Saturday's nicest child.

The Scarlet Fox. Masque—To be reviewed later.

The Silent House. Morasco—High-keyed melodrama, with Allan Dinehart and Helen Chandler. A thriller from start to finish.

Strange Interlude. Guild—An important production of Eugene O'Neill's love story of a woman who tries everything once. The play in which the soliloquy comes back to Broadway.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. National—High legal explosives in a courtroom. A complete and very satisfactory murder trial, with Ann Harding and Rex Cherryman.

Comedy and Things Like That

And So to Bed. Bijou—One of Mr. Pepys' wild oats. Not in his diary.

The Bachelor Father. Belasco—It's a wise daddy that can make an assorted family like this come out right. June Walker and Geoffrey Kerr help a lot.

The Behavior of Mrs. Crane. Erlanger's—An eye for an eye—or a husband for a husband—or something like that. Margaret Lawrence makes it more than endurable.

Burlesque. Plymouth—Hot-headed and soft-hearted sides of backstage life on the burlesque wheel.

Cock Robin. Booth—A murder mystery which ought to amuse you even if it doesn't mystify you. Beatrice Herford's curtain speech is something to be in your seat for at nine o'clock.

The Command to Love. Longacre—Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone carry on some scandalous love-making in Madrid. Very Continental.

Excess Baggage. Ritz—The course of true love in the N. V. A. Good theatre with a spectacular finale.

The Ivory Door. Charles Hopkins—The ladies seem to have taken this one to their hearts.

March Hares. Little—To be reviewed later.

Our Betters. Henry Miller's—Mr. Maugham's smartly bitter comedy, vintage of 1916, turned into a glittering 1928 model by Ina Claire.

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Statistics show that most people snuff out the ordinary cigarette half-smoked. The fast-burning tobaccos become too hot . . . too parching . . . to be enjoyable. ~ Melachrino smokers, however, enjoy their cigarettes clear to the end. ~ The fine Turkish tobacco is slow-burning . . . therefore COOOL . . . therefore mild. ~ Melachrino is a cigarette of complete enjoyment . . .



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Paris Bound. Music Box—The lighter side of marital infidelity—and what are you going to do about it? Sophisticated comedy, with Madge Kennedy.

The Play's the Thing. Empire—Holbrook Blinn, in this racy and polished piece by Molnar. Thoroughly good entertainment.

The Queen's Husband. Playhouse—Roland Young as a gentle king with a penchant for penguins, who fixes up a rip-snorting revolution. Excellent entertainment.

The Royal Family. Selwyn—Elite theatre folk in their off-stage moments. A prancing comedy with tender spots.

The Shannons of Broadway. Martin Beck—The Gleasons have settled down indefinitely to tell Broadway about life on the old street. A swell show. Don't miss it.

Volpone. Guild—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Beggar's Opera. Forty-Eighth St.—Two hundred years old—but going strong. Interesting revival. Don't miss it.

A Connecticut Yankee. Vanderbilt—Mark Twain set to some of the best music in town. William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

The Five O'Clock Girl. Forty-Fourth St.—Just about as satisfactory as a musical show can be. Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw keep up their fine work.

(Continued on page 37)

STUDENT CRUISE TOURS

via the MEDITERRANEAN

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And now woman pays.
But why don't
They shed some tears
For poor man
Whose crop of whiskers
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Men!
We've found a way
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Clean out of beards
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Shave your face but save your skin

Coda

THERE'S little in taking or giving,
There's little in water or wine;
This living, this living, this living
Was never a project of mine.
Oh, hard is the struggle, and sparse is
The gain of the one at the top,
For art is a form of catharsis,
And love is a permanent flop,
And work is the province of cattle,
And rest's for a clam in a shell,
So I'm thinking of throwing the battle—
Would you kindly direct me to hell?
—Dorothy Parker, in *New York World*.

Memo.

"Now," said the professor when he had finished his lecture on the functioning of the memory, "I want to ask each member of the class to make a note of every point he has remembered. And those of you who can't remember any of the points will please jot down those you have forgotten."—*Louisville Times*.

THE British Government has decided to award George Bernard Shaw the Order of Merit. Mr. Shaw will no doubt accept this faint praise with his customary good nature.

—*Detroit News*.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1928. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor, Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Robert E. Sherwood, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Irene L. Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Langhorne Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Edw. S. Martin, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Clair Maxwell, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Henry A. Richter. (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1928. (Seal) J. N. Nau, Notary Public, New York County No. 124, New York Register No. 8092. My commission expires March 30th, 1928.



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MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE (to butler):
Oh, Rogers, I shall not attend church today. Tell Jane to leave my card at the Rectory.—*Royal Magazine (London)*.

What's the idea?

IF YOU have ever done a hou-dini with a clothes-line in the dark, or been knocked ga-ga by an unexpected fence-post, you'll get the idea—the flashlight idea.

"Eveready" is a flashlight's first name—is, was, and always has been. What makes an Eveready Flashlight such a great little detective of ambushed mud-holes, missing steps and lost ways is its batteries. That's right, they're Eveready Batteries—good enough to make any brand of flashlight burn brighter for a longer time.

Get started with the flashlight habit. It has turned many an uncertain step in the right direction.

Confidential Drama Guide

(Continued from page 35)

Funny Face. *Alvin*—With us this was love at first sight. The Astaires at the top of their dancing form, and Victor Moore and William Kent to keep you laughing.

Golden Dawn. *Hammerstein's*—Resounding operetta.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Co-education with a singing and dancing accompaniment. Still the season's pace-maker.

Keep Shufflin'. *Daly's*—Colored high-jinks. With Miller and Lyles.

The Madcap. *Casino*—With Mitzi as the high spot.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*. Well, there's Ed Wynn—why not go and see it for yourselves?

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—The Blue and the Gray, aided by Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Frietchie, get together with a fine score and a real book.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—Joe Cook at his best.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—Two acts and eleven scenes of Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. Add Gershwin music and settle down for a swell time.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—Extravaganza of early Mississippi days with the troupers. Some fine harmony, including "Old Man River." With Charles Winninger, Jules Bledsoe, Helen Morgan and Puck and White.

Sunny Days. *Imperial*—"A Kiss in a Taxi", set to pretty good music.

Take the Air. *Waldorf*—Relax—let yourself go! Will Mahoney will do the rest with some of the best clowning in town.

The Three Musketeers. *Lytic*—Dumas' roistering adventurers capture the town and set us all humming bits from Friml's grand musical setting. Mr. Ziegfeld's ace of shows.

Yours Truly. *Century*—Leon Errol finds this good enough for a return engagement.

The Critic Who Turned

A critic who wrote about music and drama

For a large metropolitan sheet,
And turned out a survey of art's panorama

Consistently bright and complete,
Came back to his desk from a concert one night

And took out his pencil and started to write:

"A splendid performance was given
By the crowd in the orchestra seats;
Their coughing was clearer,
Their sneezing sincerer,
Their whispers were musical treats.
The ones who came late
(Which was all but a few)
Did some work that was great
As they crashed their way through.
Their giggles,
And wiggles,
And sniggles
Were the best that the season has brought,
And the various ushers,
Attendants and shushers
Were wholly outplayed and outfought.
In spite of the loud interruptions
From people who stood on the stage
The audience rustled
Its programs, and hustled
To earn, without shirking, its wage.
The janitor, too, whom I wish to commend,
Made the pipes bang away from beginning to end."

Then the critic retired for a fortnight of rest,
Feeling very much better, with this off his chest.

—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.



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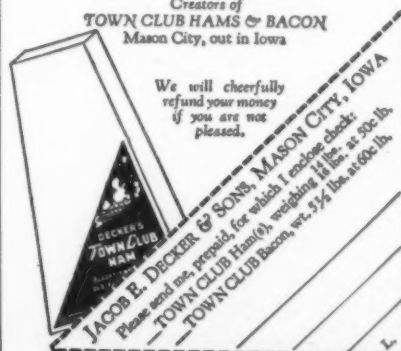
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All the health-building mineral salts, energy value, laxative properties of the fresh fruit are held in this delicious juice.

The delightful flavor of the ripe Concord is held in Welch's too. Served straight or blended, Welch's is always the very best grape juice.

For a long drink, mix Welch's half and half with ginger ale or charged water; or make a pitcher of the always-popular Welch Punch. Recipes are printed on every label.

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Rhymed Reviews

Splendor

By Ben Ames Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co.

PERUSE the homely Iliad
(Which might, perhaps, be somewhat shorter)

Of Henry Beeker, Boston lad,
Who yearned to be a star reporter.

He found his job, he played the game,

A good, clean fellow, never brilliant,

Who, gaining neither wealth nor fame,

Was always splendidly resilient.

Because an accident befell,

He met and married fairly early
The girl who helped to make him well,

His first and only sweetheart,
Shirley.

True comrades they through thick and thin,

For he was stanch and she was tender,

And, let him fail or let him win,

She knew his worth and moral splendor.

And if at fifty he appears

A failure, still the reader guesses
That what he gave them through the years

Will make his children great successes.

For some, as Shirley clearly sees,

Are getters, some are only givers;
But who are finer folk than these—
The helpful, steady, honest liver?

In setting forth our hero's life,

With ambling gait the story ranges
Through fifty years of peace and strife,

Political and social changes.

And by a great and ample deal

This well-told tale that never hurries

Excels these yarns of sex-appeal

And mawkish idlers' fancy worries.

Arthur Guiterman.

Where She Left Off

MARY, three years old, was having an unhappy morning, fussing and crying without cause.

To change her thoughts her mother said to her: "Mary, run to the window and see the big dog going by."

Mary watched the dog out of sight and then turned to her mother and said: "Mamma, what was it I was crying about?"—*Chicago Tribune.*



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You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Reasons

HUNDREDS each morning I behold

Along the highways stalking;

Many are walking to reduce,

More are reduced to walking.

—*Boston Transcript.*

There where the big fish strike



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Marmola supplies a substance which largely controls nutrition. It aims to increase the factor which turns food into fuel and energy rather than into fat. There are no secrets about it. The formula appears in every box, also explanations of results. This to avoid any fear of harm.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, though moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

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Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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LONDON PARIS ROME CAIRO

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 13)

but think that if George Ade's young woman who knew that Columbus discovered America and what kind of cold cream to use and let it go at that had only added to her lore the fact that there must always be at least four times as much oil as vinegar, some splendid home missionary work would have been started in the Nineties which by this time would have attained a ripe fruition. I do well recall how a citizen who insisted on mixing his own salad dressing was once regarded as a comic figure, when in reality he was but an advance guard of civilization.

March 22nd The morning gone in straightening out closets and bureau drawers

with the help of my servant Virgie, and she did beseech me to shut my eyes and forego every article which I was sure of never requiring in the future, so I did so in the main, but wild horses cannot get me to part with the apricot chemise which is constantly before me as an incentive to lose fifteen or twenty pounds. Nor did Virgie lose by her sage counsel, neither, departing with jewelled hairpins, etc., which would certainly not avail the Salvation Army much, if aught. To Marge Boothby's for luncheon, the lobsters being overcooked to a degree little short of criminal, but the cook was leaving on the morrow, and it was probably her quaint notion of poetic justice. Again did I hear the story of the girl in Alice Foote MacDougall's into whose coffee an older woman managed to slip a pill of some kind, making the fifteenth time this week, and always has it been told by some one who had personal knowledge of the two observers at the neighboring table, which is a strange comment, methinks, on the psychology of that portion of the human race which has had educational advantages. Home betimes, finding my new pinky-red and white dishes awaiting me, to my great delight, for they are full of charm and cheer, and so like the ones I remember at Great-Aunt Cornelia's. Nor shall anybody ever learn how little I laid out for them, neither. The barber come to trim me, but I did stay his hand from too much ravage, being minded now for the third time to let my hair grow long again, but this time I shall get a wig to tide me through the terrible straggly stage, having on former occasions lost no fewer than six false chignons in the street.

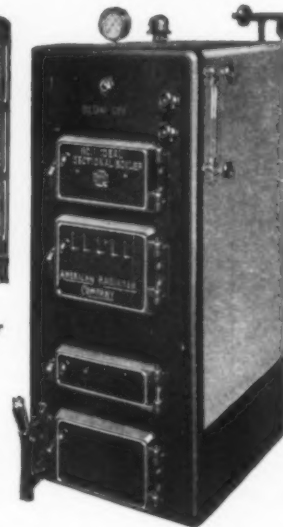
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25 Years In Use

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Teaching the Teacher

IN an age when people seem to endeavor to speak as colloquially as possible, one would have thought the descendants of Mrs. Malaprop were all deported. But we have just seen a letter received by a teacher from the mother of one of her pupils. This good lady writes:

"Sorry Ada is not peculiarly well, but hopes to restart on Monday... I never want her to be a progeny of learning... As to her refusal to do the homework, please illiterate it from your memory, as she is now more or less sorry. She's as headstrong as an allegory on the Ganges, and I regret to state my affluence over her is small."

—London Daily Chronicle.

THOUSANDS of Americans who do not know what H₂O means are thoroughly posted on "ab.bh.po.a.e."

—Louisville Times.

THE DEVINNE-HALLENSACK COMPANY, INC., PRINTERS, NEW YORK

Subconscious Thoughts of a Young Lady Accepting

THE songs of Villon are stilled forever,
And Lancelot's plumes have gone down in dust;
Bellarion's armor is sifting rust;
To seek Leander is vain endeavor.

Why should I answer your plea with
"Never!"

Nobody living deserves more trust—

The songs of Villon are stilled forever,

And Lancelot's plumes have gone down in dust.

Blithe cavaliers and the knights who sever

Their enemies' heads with a mighty thrust

Are sunk into limbo—yet wed I must—

What if you aren't so brave or clever?

The songs of Villon are stilled forever.

Elizabeth Dillingham.

The End

A GROUP of bitter, exhausted, disillusioned men sat around the embers of a dying fire. Their eyes were haggard from loss of sleep; their clothes were soaked with the raw mist that was falling silently and relentlessly outside. Now and then one stirred and muttered a low curse. "I can't believe it's all over," burst out the youngest of the party; "I can't give up!" "I know," answered a second hoarsely, "but it's no use. We might as well admit it." "I'm done," a third shivered as he spoke; "I couldn't search another hour if it was my own daughter that was lost!" Still the younger man stared gloomily ahead of him; his was the temperament that never says die; he would go doggedly on and on until exhaustion claimed him. "Hang it all," he exclaimed at last, "we might have come within a foot of the place a dozen times! How could we tell? These lanterns are no good and there's this damned mist.... See here! Will you men start out again with me as soon as it gets light? If you won't I'll raise a new party and search till I drop!" They shook their heads. It was hard, but there was no hope. "Hoot, laddie," exclaimed a man of fifty, older and more used to harsh realities. "Can ye no' face facts? No one has ever found a ball in that rough. It's gone for good.".... The cold Scotch dawn was breaking as they dragged their stiff limbs from the clubhouse and went to their stricken homes.

H. F.